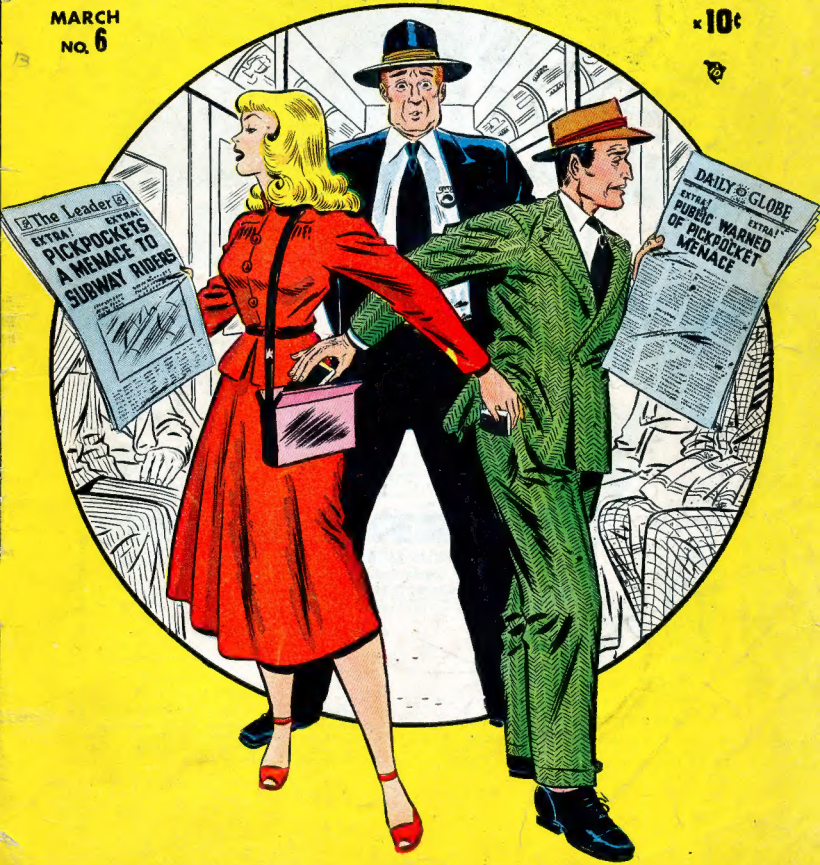
CRIME FIGHTERS

MARVEL COMIC

MARCH
NO. 6

10¢



Greatest Value Ever Offered To Comic Readers!

Beautiful Smooth Grain **ZIPPER BILLFOLD**

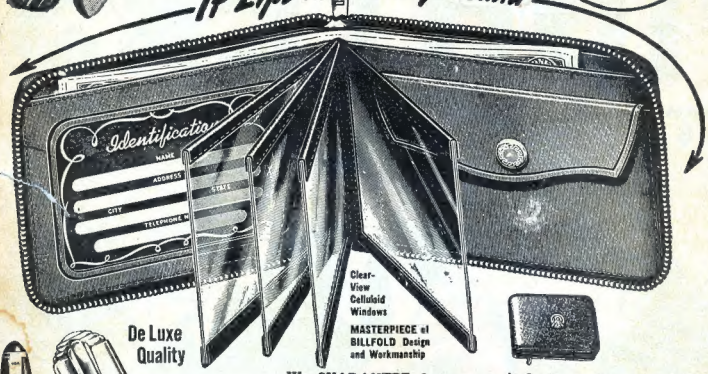
Smartly Styled Precision **BALL POINT PEN**

Handiest Pencil Type **POCKET FLASHLIGHT**

Monogram Initialed **PLASTIC KEY HOLDER**

All for only $1.98

It "Zips" All the Way Around



Clear-View Celluloid Windows

MASTERPIECE of BILLFOLD Design and Workmanship

De Luxe Quality

Pencil-Type METAL POCKET FLASHLIGHT *complete with* 2 BURGESS BATTERIES

This is ACTUAL SIZE

BALL POINT PEN

Newest Features *Precision-tip*

Monogram Initialed KEY HOLDER *Pliable Plastic*

Flashlight has red plastic reflector for use as a warning signal

We GUARANTEE that you can't duplicate this sensational value for less money anywhere in America today!

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"THE LAST CIGARETTE!"

THE ASHES DROP UNHEEDED, THE CIGARETTE BURNS DOWN, AND AS IT DOES A MAN'S MIND FOLLOWS THE SMOKE, BACKWARD, REVIEWING THE PAST! HERE IS THE STORY OF A CRIME THAT LEFT NO CLUES FOR THE POLICE TO FOLLOW, A CRIME THAT WAS BORN AND NUTURED IN THE TWISTED RECESSES OF A MAN'S MIND! THIS IS THE STORY THAT THE NEWSPAPERS *DIDN'T* PRINT— THE TRUE STORY OF A MAN'S CRIME!

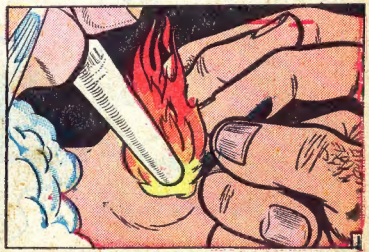
YOU'VE STOLEN MY JOB, AND NOW YOU'VE STOLEN MY GIRL— BUT YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY WITH IT, LEONARD— D'YOU HEAR!

BASED ON A *TRUE STORY*

4375

AT EXACTLY 56 MINUTES AFTER THE HOUR OF 7P.M., ON THE EVENING OF OCTOBER 18,1946--A CIGARETTE WAS REMOVED FROM ITS PACK...

...BUT UNLIKE MOST CIGARETTES, THIS ONE WAS LIT WITH TREMBLING FINGERS--FINGERS WHICH SHOOK WITH FEAR AND TERROR...

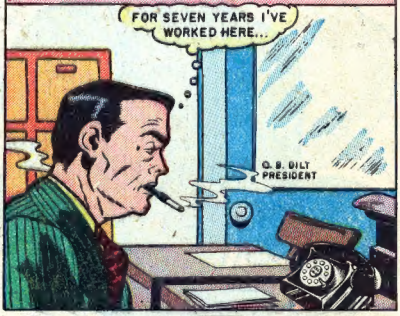


ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

...FOR DEATH WAS WAITING FOR THE FINAL PUFF --AND THE SMOKER KNEW IT!

YES, PETE JENKINS KNEW THAT DEATH WOULD STRIKE WHEN HE FINISHED HIS CIGARETTE!

IN MEMORY, PETE JENKINS TRAVELS BACK THROUGH TIME--BACK FIVE MONTHS--BACK TO A CERTAIN DAY IN MAY, IN THE OFFICE OF O. B. DILT INC., WHERE PETE JENKINS WAS EMPLOYED AS A BOOKKEEPER...



...BUT I KNOW THAT JOE MORGAN IS LEAVING IN A FEW DAYS--AND I'VE GOT TO BE GIVEN HIS JOB! I'M THE ONE WHO'S NEXT IN LINE--I'VE GOT TO GET IT!
I'VE GOT TO!
?

THAT WAS JENKINS IN MAY OF 1946--BITTER, VENGEFUL, JEALOUS, DISSATISFIED--THE KIND OF COMBINATION THAT CAN SPELL DISASTER IN THE LIFE OF A WEAK CHARACTER--AND JENKINS WAS A WEAK CHARACTER!

THAT SMUG, SELF-SATISFIED LEECH! FOR YEARS HE'S STOOD IN MY WAY...

...BUT, NOW THAT HE'S LEAVING, I'LL HAVE HIS JOB--AFTER A SEVEN YEAR WAIT!

JENKINS HAD MANY WEAKNESSES, AND ONE OF THEM WAS *SALLY O'CONNOR*, A TYPIST IN THE SAME OFFICE...

OH-OH! HERE COMES THAT PEST PETE AGAIN!

SALLY, IT'S TIME FOR LUNCH! WILL YOU COME DOWN AND EAT WITH ME?

OH, HI, PETE!

OH, WELL, NOBODY ELSE HAS ASKED ME...

...SO I MIGHT AS AS WELL GO WITH YOU!

GEE, THAT'S SWELL, SALLY!

SALLY, WHY ARE YOU SO IMPOLITE TO ME, WHEN YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU?

OH, PETE, ARE YOU GOING TO START THAT AGAIN?

Catsup

AT LUNCH, THE CONVERSATION CONTINUED IN THE SAME VEIN...

LOOK, PETE--YOU'RE A NICE CHAP AND ALL THAT, I GUESS--BUT I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOU! CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT? WHY DO YOU KEEP WASTING YOUR TIME ON ME? THERE ARE LOTS OF *OTHER* GIRLS!

BUT, *YOU'RE* THE ONE I WANT, SALLY!

THE DAYS FOLLOWED EACH OTHER--EACH DAY THE SAME AS THE LAST FOR JENKINS--WITHOUT FRIENDS, WITHOUT PLEASURES, WITH NOTHING BUT THOUGHTS OF SALLY O'CONNOR AND HOPE FOR A PROMOTION IN HIS WORK!

BUT ON THE 24TH OF MAY 1946, A CHANGE CAME INTO PETE JENKINS' LIFE--A BIG CHANGE!

WHEW! JUST GOT HERE IN TIME--*SAY! WHO--?*

BING!

HELLO, THERE! YOU MUST BE THE PETE JENKINS I'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT! MY NAME'S TED LEONARD! I'VE BEEN HIRED TO WORK WITH YOU HERE IN THE BOOK-KEEPING DEPARTMENT!

OH YEAH?

ALWAYS AGGRESSIVE, ALWAYS CARRYING A CHIP ON HIS SHOULDER, IT TOOK, ONLY A FEW WORDS TO MAKE PETE DECIDE TED LEONARD WAS AN ENEMY...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO WORK WITH *ME* IN BOOK-KEEPING? I DON'T NEED ANY HELP!

BUT, LEONARD DIDN'T INTEND TO LET JENKINS WORRY HIM...

I'M SORRY YOU'RE TAKING THAT ATTITUDE, I WAS HIRED BY MR. MORGAN AND TOLD TO WORK WITH YOU! I INTEND TO *DO* WHAT I'M *TOLD!*

AND TO HELP MATTERS REACH A RAPID CLIMAX, SALLY O'CONNOR NEEDED ONLY ONE LOOK AT TED LEONARD TO REALIZE THAT HE COULD BE A VERY IMPORTANT FACTOR IN HER LIFE...

M-M-M-M! THAT NEW BOOK-KEEPER NEXT TO JENKINS! HE'S JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

SALLY LOST NO TIME IN GETTING TO THE POINT...

MY NAME IS SALLY O'CONNOR--AND IF I CAN HELP YOU WITH YOUR WORK TILL YOU GET ON TO IT, I'D BE *HAPPY* TO!

GEE, THANKS! I'M TED LEONARD, AND I CERTAINLY APPRECIATE YOUR INTEREST!

ALTHOUGH SALLY WAVED JENKINS AWAY WITH A FEW LIGHT WORDS, SHE AND TED MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN SO UNCONCERNED IF THEY COULD KNOW OF THE MAD THOUGHTS WHICH WERE SPEEDING THRU HIS BITTER BRAIN!

...WHAT DO I CARE HOW NICE SHE IS TO HIM NOW! AFTER I'M PROMOTED TO MORGAN'S JOB SALLY WILL REALIZE HOW *IMPORTANT* I AM--THEN SHE'LL BE *MY* GIRL!

BUT, IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, BLOW AFTER BLOW DESCENDED UPON JENKINS AS HE REALIZED HOW MUCH MORE QUALIFIED LEONARD WAS THAN HE--JENKINS!

LOOK AT HIM, THE RAT! TRYING TO SHOW EVERYBODY HOW MUCH FASTER HE IS THAN ME! HE THINKS HE'LL IMPRESS SALLY BY SITTING AND TALKING TO HER WHILE I'M STILL WORKING--BUT *I'LL SHOW HIM YET!*

ALL RIGHT, SO THAT'S HOW IT WAS--EVERYTHING SEEMED TO BE WORKING AGAINST ME! I WAS MISERABLE--BUT HOW DID *THIS* HAPPEN? WHAT BROUGHT ME TO THE POINT WHERE *DEATH DEPENDS UPON ME FINISHING THIS CIGARETTE?*

"MAYBE IT WAS THE DAY THAT MISTER DILT HIMSELF CAME INTO THE OFFICE AND SAID HE HAD AN ANNOUNCEMENT TO MAKE--MAYBE IT WAS THE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT DID IT!"

LET ME HAVE YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

AS YOU ALL KNOW, MR. JOE MORGAN IS RESIGNING HIS JOB AS OFFICE MANAGER TO ACCEPT A POSITION WITH OUR BRANCH OUT ON THE COAST! AND IN APPRECIATION OF HIS MANY LOYAL YEARS OF SERVICE..

...I TAKE GREAT DELIGHT IN GIVING MR. MORGAN THIS SOLID GOLD WATCH AS A TOKEN OF MY APPRECIATION FOR HIS WORK!

AT LAST--*AT LAST!* NOW I'LL GET MORGAN'S JOB!

NOW, I WOULD LIKE TO ANNOUNCE THE NAME OF THE MAN I'VE CHOSEN TO REPLACE MR. MORGAN...

IT'LL TAKE SOME OF THE CONCEIT OUT OF THAT WHELP LEONARD, WHEN HE HEARS WHAT'S COMING NEXT!

...IT IS A MAN WHO, ALTHOUGH NEW TO THIS ORGANIZATION, HAS SHOWN AMAZING TALENT AND ABILITY...

AND THEN A THUNDERBOLT!

...THE NEW OFFICE MANAGER WILL BE--*TED LEONARD!*

OH, TED! I'M SO *PROUD* OF YOU!

IN A TRICE, AN ANGERED PETE JENKINS WAS ON HIS FEET--SHOUTING ABOVE THE DIN...
MR. DILT! WAIT--STOP! YOU CAN'T MAKE LEONARD OFFICE MANAGER! I'M SUPPOSED TO GET THE JOB--I'M THE OLDEST EMPLOYEE HERE!
MR. JENKINS, IF YOU'LL STEP INTO MY OFFICE, WE'LL--ER--DISCUSS THIS IN PRIVATE!
YOU BET I'LL STEP IN!
NOW THEN, JENKINS--I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN WITH US FOR YEARS, BUT THERE ARE OTHER THINGS TO BE CONSIDERED! LEONARD IS YOUNGER, CAN WORK FASTER, AND IS A BETTER BOOK-KEEPER!
IT ISN'T FAIR! DO YOU HEAR? IT ISN'T FAIR!
A. B. DILT, INC.
A. B. DILT, INC.
ALSO LEONARD HAS A MUCH MORE PLEASANT DISPOSITION! HE CAN MAKE THE EMPLOYEES WORK TOGETHER HARMONIOUSLY! I HAVE MADE UP MY MIND DEFINITELY--I'M SORRY, JENKINS!
YOU'RE SORRY! NOT HALF SO SORRY AS LEONARD IS GOING TO BE! I PROMISE YOU THAT!
JENKINS, YOU'RE FIRED!
I QUIT!
SLAM!
LIKE A MAN BEREFT OF REASON, PETER JENKINS PACED THE STREETS IN THE HOURS THAT FOLLOWED...
THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I'VE LOST SALLY--MY PROMOTION--AND NOW MY JOB--EVERYTHING IS LOST TO ME! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING--SOMETHING!
7

HIS BRAIN SEETHING IN A MORASS OF HATE AND CONFUSION, JENKINS' FIRST THOUGHT WAS TO SEEK OUT THE ONE FRIEND HE HAD...

I'VE GOT TO TALK TO GIMPY--HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!

BILLIARDS

GIMPY, I'VE *GOT* TO TALK TO YOU!

HI, PETE! BE RIGHT WITCHA --I JUST FINISHED!

TO THE WEAK AND CRIMINAL MIND, THE IDEAL SOLUTION TO ANY PROBLEM IS TO BLAME SOMEONE ELSE FOR THE LACK OF SUCCESS--NEVER TO FIGURE THAT FAILURE MAY HAVE COME BECAUSE OF ONE'S OWN SHORTCOMINGS!

WELL, PETE, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO--HERE'S MY *GUN*, PAL! YOU'RE *WELCOME* TO IT!

A *GUN*? I-I NEVER THOUGHT OF--I NEVER *USED* ONE BEFORE!

GO ON, DON'T BE A SQUARE! TAKE IT--IT'LL DO YA GOOD!

I-I READ THAT GUNS NEVER DO *ANYONE* ANY GOOD!

...AND THAT'S THE STORY, GIMPY! I JUST HAVE TO GET EVEN WITH LEONARD! I JUST *HAVE* TO!

GEE! HE SURE DID WRECK ALL YOUR PLANS--SO YOU WANT TO GET *EVEN*, EH?

LOOK, I TELL YA WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL GO UP AND SEE THAT PUNK LEONARD--I'LL FIND OUT WHERE HE LIVES, WHAT TIME HE GOES HOME, AND YOU CAN WAIT FOR HIM--WITH YOUR GUN!

H-HOW CAN YOU DO ALL THAT?

THAT'S MY BUSINESS! NOW GO ON OUT AND STOP WORRYING!

GEE, GIMPY, I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU, *NEVER!*

DS

LLIARDS

BILL

HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, PETE JENKINS--HOW RIGHT YOU ARE!

LATER AT THE BUILDING IN WHICH O.B. DILT CO. HAS ITS SECOND FLOOR OFFICES...
YOU WAIT RIGHT THERE--I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN./
OKAY, GIMPY./
O.B. DILT CO.
O.B. DILT
IN THE OFFICE, GIMPY GOES TO WORK...
SAY, MISS, WHERE CAN I FIND TED LEONARD?
RIGHT OVER THERE--AT THE SECOND DESK./
MR. LEONARD, I'M A REPORTER ON BUSINESS NEWS MAGAZINE./ WE HEARD OF YOUR PROMOTION AND I'D LIKE TO INTERVIEW YOU./ I'D LIKE THE STORY OF YOUR LIFE, WHERE YOU LIVE, ETC., ETC.!
GEE, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT--MY PROMOTION ISN'T THAT IMPORTANT./
O.B. DILT PRIVATE
MR. LEONARD, MAY I SEE YOU FOR A MINUTE?
EXCUSE ME, MY BOSS IS CALLING! SIT DOWN, I'LL BE RIGHT BACK./
SURE, SURE! TAKE YOUR TIME./
O.B.O
BOY./ WHAT A NICE LAYOUT THIS GUY HAS--BIG DESK, SOFT CHAIR, NEAR A WINDOW--NO WONDER PETE WANTED THIS JOB!
MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE BUILDING, PETE JENKINS WATCHES THE WINDOW AND THINKS THAT GIMPY IS TED LEONARD...
THERE HE IS! I GUESS GIMPY COULDN'T GET IN TO SEE HIM AFTER ALL!
O.B.DILT
AS HE WATCHES, JENKINS BEGINS TO SEE THE WITH UNCONTROLLABLE, MAD FURY...
LOOK AT THE WAY HE SITS THERE! SO SMUG--SO SELF-SATISFIED--WHY SHOULDN'T HE BE? HE STOLE MY JOB--MY GIRL--MY WHOLE FUTURE--
THE RAT!
9

I CAN'T WAIT FOR GIMPY--I CAN'T WAIT FOR ANYBODY--I'M GOING TO GIVE IT TO HIM RIGHT NOW--FROM HERE!
O.B. DILT
BANG!

...A SECOND LATER, IN THE OFFICE...
OH..!
WH-WHAT HAPPENED?
G-DEAD

...AND SO, IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, GIMPY CONFESSED--AND DIED...
IT WAS PETE JENKINS, THAT DOUBLE-CROSSER! (GASP!) HE GOT ME--GET--(GASP!) PETE JENKINS--AHH-H-G-G!
HE SAID PETE SHOT HIM-HOW? WHY?
HE'S DEAD!

...AND JENKINS WAS APPREHENDED!
COME HERE, YOU!
L-LET ME GO! I AIN'T DONE NOTHING! (SOB!) I-I-HAD TO DO IT! HE CHEATED ME-I...

ON THE EVENING OF OCTOBER 18, 1948, A NEWLY-WEDDED COUPLE LEAVE THE OFFICE OF O. B. DILT COMPANY...
ISN'T IT AMAZING ABOUT PETE, TED DARLING? I WONDER WHY HE HATED YOU SO!
THERE ARE ALWAYS PEOPLE LIKE HIM, SWEETHEART! PEOPLE WHO BLAME OTHERS FOR THEIR OWN FAILINGS INSTEAD OF CORRECTING THEM!
10

AS THE FATAL CIGARETTE IS FINALLY FINISHED...
I-I'M READY NOW--THE CIGARETTE IS FINISHED!

WHAT A PITY THAT I HAVE TO REALIZE THAT MURDER SOLVES NO PROBLEMS--EVER--ONLY WHEN IT'S TOO LATE! OKAY! I'M READY--THROW THE SWITCH!
THE END

BOYS!

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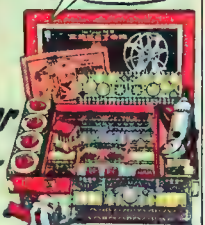
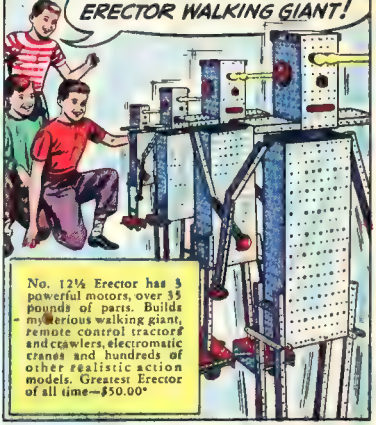


LOOK! HE'S MADE OF METAL! HE HAS ELECTRIC EYES! HE WALKS BY REMOTE CONTROL! HE'S THE MYSTERIOUS ERECTOR WALKING GIANT!



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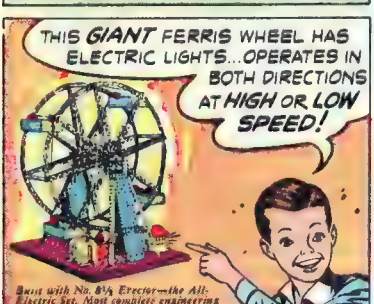

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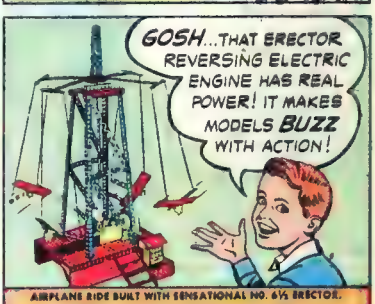

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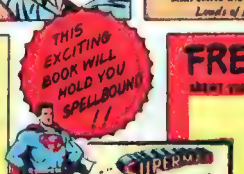
Fun with Erector starts the moment you open the big box and start to assemble girders, wheels, gears and other parts. Erector parts have equi-distant holes, so that you just count the holes to put them together. No other construction set builds the square girder with interlocking edges and contains so many parts. Curved, straight and giant steel girders. Metal base plates. Real engineering bolts and nuts. 5 kinds of gears. Electric engine. Electro-magnet. Electric lights. Engineer's shack. Boiler shells. Giant flywheel parts. Automobile wheels. See the new Erectors wherever toys are sold.

*Denver and west, prices slightly higher

THIS EXCITING BOOK WILL HOLD YOU SPELLBOUND!!



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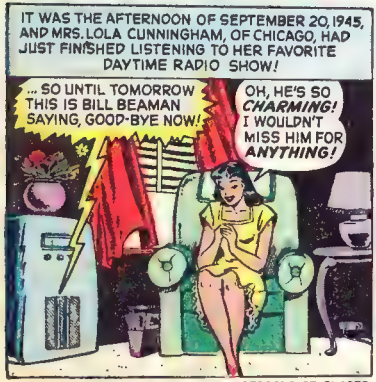
"TERROR by REMOTE CONTROL!"

...AND TODAY'S LUCKY, LONELY HOUSEWIFE IS--MRS. FORBES! HELLO, YOU LUCKY, LUCKY, LADY! WELL, WAIT UNTIL I TELL YOU WHAT FATE HAS IN STORE FOR LUCKY, LITTLE YOU! HA, HA!
WBX
BASED ON A TRUE STORY
HOW DID THE "HOUSEWIFE BANDIT" KNOW THAT HIS VICTIMS WERE ALONE? HOW COULD HE BE SO SURE THAT THIS WAS THE TIME TO STRIKE? THESE WERE THE QUESTIONS THAT BAFFLED THE POLICE OF A LARGE MIDWESTERN CITY AND BROUGHT THIS CITY TO THE BRINK OF PANIC. HERE IS THE TRUE STORY OF THIS SERIES OF CRIMES AS TOLD TO OUR EDITOR BY THE POLICE OFFICER WHO WORKED ON THE CASE FROM ITS BEGINNING TO ITS AMAZING CONCLUSION!
419


IT WAS THE AFTERNOON OF SEPTEMBER 20, 1945, AND MRS. LOLA CUNNINGHAM, OF CHICAGO, HAD JUST FINISHED LISTENING TO HER FAVORITE DAYTIME RADIO SHOW!
...SO UNTIL TOMORROW THIS IS BILL BEAMAN SAYING, GOOD-BYE NOW!
OH, HE'S SO CHARMING! I WOULDN'T MISS HIM FOR ANYTHING!

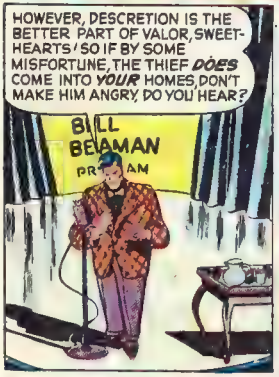
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

INTO THIS PEACEFUL, SUBURBAN HOME, CRIME HAD STALKED... CRIME IN THE PERSON OF A MASKED FIGURE...
JUST ME, MADAM! MY NAME DOESN'T MATTER! I'M IN A HURRY! PLEASE...LET'S HAVE NO DIFFICULTY!
OOH! GO AWAY! I'LL CALL MY HUSBAND! HENR...
TUT, TUT, MRS. C.! DON'T BE SILLY! I KNOW THERE IS NO ONE HOME BUT YOU...AND I ALSO KNOW YOU HAVE A VERY VALUABLE SET OF SILVERWARE! SO...IF YOU PLEASE!
BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT? NO ONE KNOWS ABOUT THAT, EXCEPT, MY HUSBAND... AND...
...YES?
SUDDENLY, HER EYES HAD BECOME TRANSFIXED WITH UNDERSTANDING... AND TERROR!
OH! MERCIFUL HEAVENS! NOT...
YOU KNOW TOO MUCH, LADY! AND THAT'S ALWAYS A DANGEROUS THING! I'M SORRY...BUT I'LL HAVE TO PUT AN END TO YOUR KNOWLEDGE!
NO! DON'T SHOOT! OH! MY HEART! MY HEART!
BEFORE THE GUNMAN HAD PULLED THE TRIGGER, TERROR HAD STOPPED THE HEARTBEAT OF THE FRIGHTENED HOUSEWIFE!
SHE'S GONE...SCARED TO DEATH! WELL, ALL I'VE GOT TO DO NOW IS FIND THE SILVER AND BEAT IT!
2

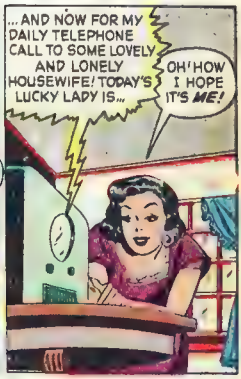
THAT WAS THE CRIME THAT FACED THE CHICAGO POLICE DEPARTMENT THE NEXT DAY! THE NEWSPAPER HEADLINES TOLD THE STORY...BUT ONLY ONE SIDE OF IT!
ROBBER STEALS LARGE COLLECTION OF SILVERWARE IN DARING DAYTIME RAID!
DAILY RECORD
DAYTIME BANDIT STRIKES AGAIN!
JOHN CUNNINGHAM, HUSBAND OF THE VICTIM, WAS QUESTIONED BY LIEUT. SUMMERS OF THE CHICAGO POLICE...
YES, MY WIFE'S HEART WAS VERY BAD! SHE WAS TOLD TO AVOID EXCITEMENT!
AS SURE AS IF SHE WERE SHOT, YOUR WIFE WAS MURDERED BY THE ROBBER, MR. CUNNINGHAM!
WHEN HE'LL STRIKE AGAIN... AND WHERE...WE DON'T KNOW! HE'S COMMITTED A SERIES OF ROBBERIES, ALL ON HOUSE-WIVES WHO WERE ALONE IN THEIR HOMES! IF WE ONLY KNEW... IF WE ONLY HAD ONE CLUE! JUST ONE!
THAT NIGHT, YOUNG PATROLMAN MARTIN FORBES WENT HOME, TIRED AND WORRIED...
DARLING, CAN'T YOU FORGET YOUR WORK WHEN YOU COME HOME?
THAT BANDIT HAS ME AND EVERY OTHER HUSBAND WORRIED SICK!
HE MIGHT ATTACK AGAIN...ANY PLACE! OH, NEVER MIND! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING TODAY, DEAR?
OH, MARTIN, THAT BILL BEAMAN RADIO SHOW WAS WONDERFUL TODAY!
YOU AND THAT BILL BEAMAN! WHAT DOES HE DO THAT'S SO GREAT ANYWAY?
HE CALLS UP HOUSE-WIVES EVERY DAY ON HIS PROGRAM, AND TALKS TO THEM SO CHARMINGLY! OH, I WISH HE'D CALL ME UP SOMEDAY! I'D BE SO THRILLED!
MEANWHILE AT THE AMALGAMATED BROADCASTING SYSTEM, STUDIO "A" WAS JAM-PACKED...
STUDIO A
QUIET PLEASE
5

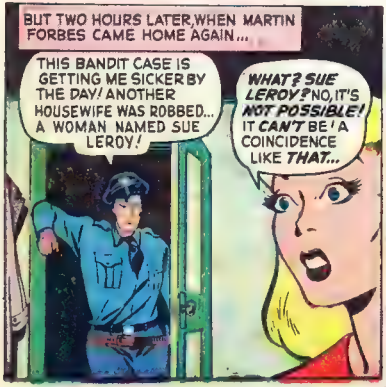
AND THE HOUSEWIFE'S FRIEND, BILL BEAMAN, WAS EQUAL TO THE OCCASION!
LADIES, AS YOU KNOW, A SERIES OF MYSTERIOUS ROBBERIES HAS BEEN TAKING PLACE IN OUR CITY! I MUST CAUTION YOU TO LET NO STRANGERS INTO YOUR HOME!
BILL
AMAN
GRAM

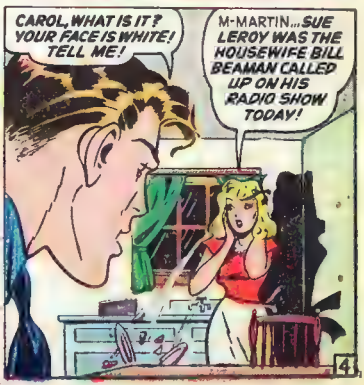
I'D HATE TO THINK THAT ONE OF YOU, MY DARLING FRIENDS, WERE ROBBED BY THIS HUMAN VULTURE! IT WOULD BREAK MY HEART! REALLY IT WOULD, DEAR LADIES!
OH-H-H! ISN'T HE WONDERFUL?

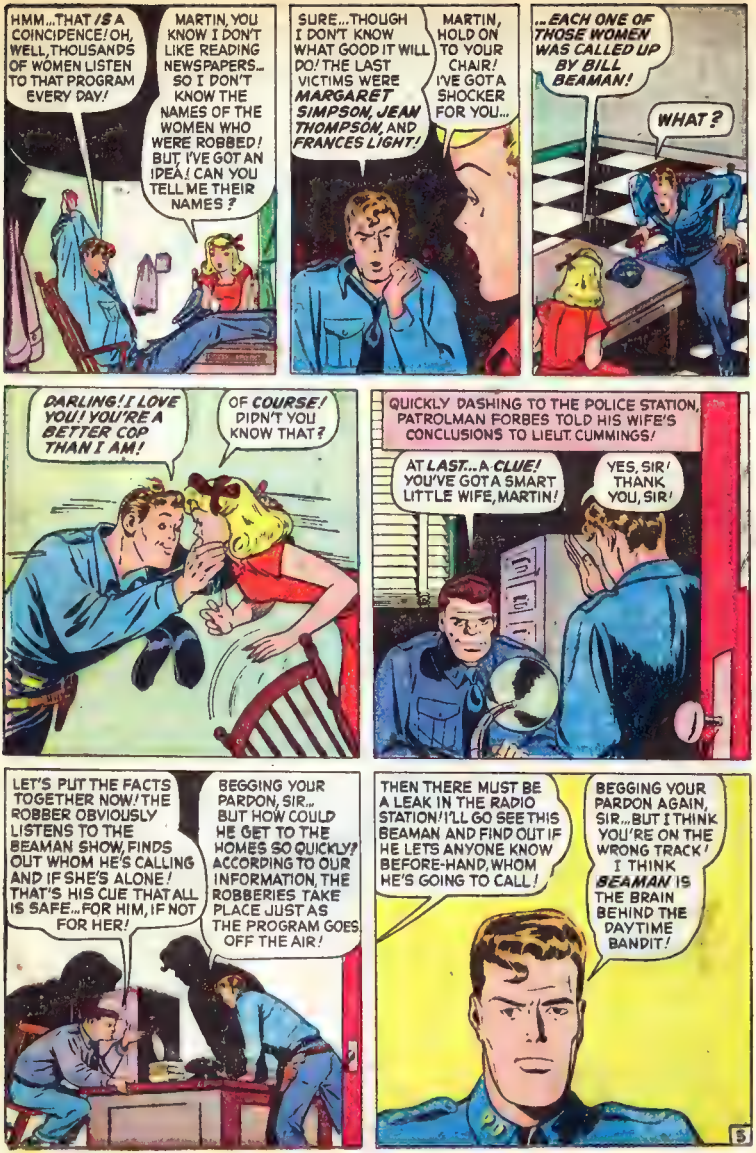

HOWEVER, DESCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOR, SWEETHEARTS! SO IF BY SOME MISFORTUNE, THE THIEF DOES COME INTO YOUR HOMES, DON'T MAKE HIM ANGRY, DO YOU HEAR?
BILL
BEAMAN

TURN OVER YOUR VALUABLES TO HIM, SO HE WON'T COMMIT A WORSE CRIME... MURDER! THE POLICE WILL CATCH HIM SOON, AND YOU'LL GET YOUR LITTLE TREASURES BACK AGAIN!
HOW CONSIDERATE! HOW WISE!


...AND NOW FOR MY DAILY TELEPHONE CALL TO SOME LOVELY AND LONELY HOUSEWIFE! TODAY'S LUCKY LADY IS...
OH! HOW I HOPE IT'S ME!

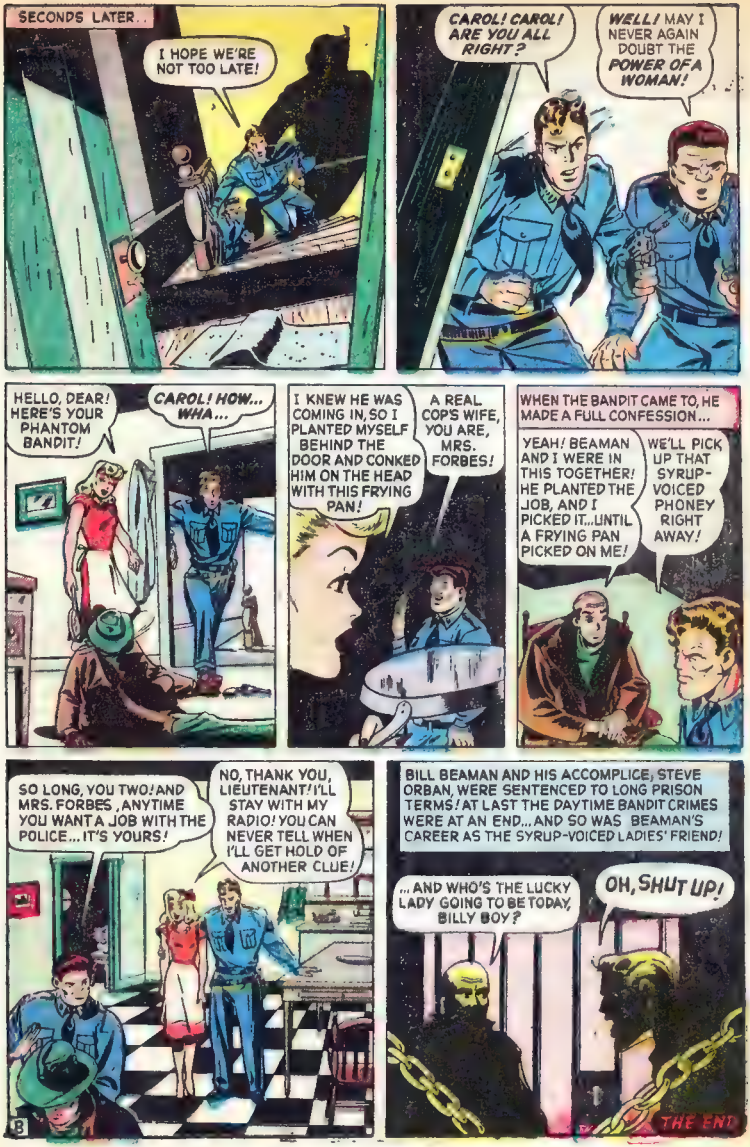

BUT TWO HOURS LATER, WHEN MARTIN FORBES CAME HOME AGAIN...
THIS BANDIT CASE IS GETTING ME SICKER BY THE DAY! ANOTHER HOUSEWIFE WAS ROBBED... A WOMAN NAMED SUE LEROY!
WHAT? SUE LEROY? NO, IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! IT CAN'T BE! A COINCIDENCE LIKE THAT...


CAROL, WHAT IS IT? YOUR FACE IS WHITE! TELL ME!
M-MARTIN... SUE LEROY WAS THE HOUSEWIFE BILL BEAMAN CALLED UP ON HIS RADIO SHOW TODAY!


HMM...THAT IS A COINCIDENCE! OH, WELL, THOUSANDS OF WOMEN LISTEN TO THAT PROGRAM EVERY DAY!
MARTIN, YOU KNOW I DON'T LIKE READING NEWSPAPERS... SO I DON'T KNOW THE NAMES OF THE WOMEN WHO WERE ROBBED! BUT, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! CAN YOU TELL ME THEIR NAMES?
SURE...THOUGH I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOOD IT WILL DO! THE LAST VICTIMS WERE MARGARET SIMPSON, JEAN THOMPSON, AND FRANCES LIGHT!
MARTIN, HOLD ON TO YOUR CHAIR! I'VE GOT A SHOCKER FOR YOU...
...EACH ONE OF THOSE WOMEN WAS CALLED UP BY BILL BEAMAN!
WHAT?
DARLING! I LOVE YOU! YOU'RE A BETTER COP THAN I AM!
OF COURSE! DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT?
QUICKLY DASHING TO THE POLICE STATION, PATROLMAN FORBES TOLD HIS WIFE'S CONCLUSIONS TO LIEUT. CUMMINGS!
AT LAST...A CLUE! YOU'VE GOT A SMART LITTLE WIFE, MARTIN!
YES, SIR! THANK YOU, SIR!
LET'S PUT THE FACTS TOGETHER NOW! THE ROBBER OBVIOUSLY LISTENS TO THE BEAMAN SHOW, FINDS OUT WHOM HE'S CALLING AND IF SHE'S ALONE! THAT'S HIS CUE THAT ALL IS SAFE...FOR HIM, IF NOT FOR HER!
BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR... BUT HOW COULD HE GET TO THE HOMES SO QUICKLY? ACCORDING TO OUR INFORMATION, THE ROBBERIES TAKE PLACE JUST AS THE PROGRAM GOES OFF THE AIR!
THEN THERE MUST BE A LEAK IN THE RADIO STATION! I'LL GO SEE THIS BEAMAN AND FIND OUT IF HE LETS ANYONE KNOW BEFORE-HAND, WHOM HE'S GOING TO CALL!
BEGGING YOUR PARDON AGAIN, SIR...BUT I THINK YOU'RE ON THE WRONG TRACK! I THINK BEAMAN IS THE BRAIN BEHIND THE DAYTIME BANDIT!
5

BY GOLLY, LAD, YOU MAY BE *RIGHT!* THAT WOULD SIMPLIFY THE CASE A GREAT DEAL! DO YOU HAVE ANY MORE BRIGHT IDEAS? I'M LISTENING...
YES, SIR, I HAVE! CAN WE GO TO THE RADIO STATION?
AT THE STATION, FORBES AND CUMMINGS LISTENED TO A RECORDING OF THE BEAMAN BROADCAST, MADE THE DAY MRS. CUNNINGHAM DIED!
...AND TODAY'S LUCKY PERSON IS MRS. LOLA CUNNINGHAM, WHO HAS JUST ANSWERED HER PHONE! HELLO, MRS. CUNNINGHAM! HOW ARE YOU?
YOU SEE, LIEUTENANT? MY WIFE WAS RIGHT!
SH-H-H, LAD! *LISTEN!*
...WHAT ARE YOU DOING THIS LOVELY AFTERNOON, DEAR LADY?
JUST LISTENING TO YOU, BILL! I'M ALL ALONE IN THE HOUSE... AND THE AFTERNOON REALLY DRAGGED UNTIL *YOU* CALLED! OH, I'M SO EXCITED!
ARE YOU, NOW? HOW *NICE!* TELL ME, MRS. C., WHAT DO YOU PRIZE MOST IN THIS WORLD... BESIDES PEOPLE, OF COURSE!
HMM... LET ME SEE...
...MY *SILVERWARE*, BILL! IT'S A WEDDING PRESENT AND *VERY VALUABLE!*
SILVERWARE! WHY, HOW *NICE*, DEAR LADY! HOW NICE, *INDEED!*
THAT DOES IT, FORBES! AND AN OILY-TONGUED ROGUE HE IS, TOO!
YOU'VE BEEN A BIG HELP TO ME, LAD, AND I'M GOING TO LET YOU WORK WITH ME ON THIS CASE! HERE'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO! TOMORROW WHEN BEAMAN GOES ON THE AIR, WE'LL HAVE RADIO CARS SCATTERED ALL OVER THE CITY LISTENING TO HIM!
GOOD IDEA! THEN WE'LL RUSH TO THE HOUSE HE CALLS AND NAB THE BANDIT!
THE NEXT AFTERNOON, THE PLAN WAS CARRIED INTO ACTION! FORBES AND CUMMINGS WERE IN A RADIO CAR TOGETHER!
BUT WHAT IF HE DOESN'T STRIKE TODAY, SIR?
THEN WE'LL DO THIS *EVERY DAY* UNTIL... *WAIT! HERE HE IS!*
...AND NOW FOR MY DAILY CALL TO SOME LOVELY AND LONELY HOUSEWIFE! TODAY'S LUCKY LADY IS...

...CAROL FORBES!
NO! MY WIFE...HE'S CALLING MY WIFE!
LET'S ROLL, FORBES... QUICK!
MEANWHILE, MRS. FORBES RAISED THE TELEPHONE RECEIVER WITH A TREMBLING HAND!
H-H-HELLO?
HELLO! MRS. FORBES? THIS IS BILL BEAMAN ON THE RADIO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING THIS LOVELY AFTERNOON? HMM?
JUST OUTSIDE HER DOOR LURKED THE MASKED BANDIT, LISTENING TO THE PROGRAM... LISTENING AND WAITING!
N-NOTHING! I'M ALONE TODAY!
OH! TOO BAD! NOW...WHAT DO YOU PRIZE MOST, MRS. FORBES, DEAR LADY?
KNOWING WHAT TO EXPECT, AND THINKING QUICKLY, MRS. FORBES SAID...
MONEY! I'VE SAVED ALL MY MONEY AND KEEP IT HERE! YOU SEE, I DON'T TRUST BANKS!
MY! MY!
CAN'T THIS HEAP GO ANY FASTER?
STEADY, FORBES! STEADY!
WELL, GOOD-BYE, MRS. FORBES... AND GOOD LUCK WITH YOUR MONEY!
AND NOW, THE BANDIT MUST BE MAKING HIS ENTRANCE, HURRY, MAN!
THE PROGRAM'S OVER! MY WIFE PURPOSELY LED HIM ON! WE HAVEN'T GOT ALL THAT MONEY!
AT THAT VERY MOMENT, A HAND WAS TURNING THE LIVING-ROOM DOORKNOB OF THE FORBES HOME!
7


SECONDS LATER..
I HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!
CAROL! CAROL! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
WELL! MAY I NEVER AGAIN DOUBT THE POWER OF A WOMAN!
HELLO, DEAR! HERE'S YOUR PHANTOM BANDIT!
CAROL! HOW... WHA...
I KNEW HE WAS COMING IN, SO I PLANTED MYSELF BEHIND THE DOOR AND CONKED HIM ON THE HEAD WITH THIS FRYING PAN!
A REAL COP'S WIFE, YOU ARE, MRS. FORBES!
WHEN THE BANDIT CAME TO, HE MADE A FULL CONFESSION...
YEAH! BEAMAN AND I WERE IN THIS TOGETHER! HE PLANTED THE JOB, AND I PICKED IT...UNTIL A FRYING PAN PICKED ON ME!
WE'LL PICK UP THAT SYRUP-VOICED PHONEY RIGHT AWAY!
SO LONG, YOU TWO! AND MRS. FORBES, ANYTIME YOU WANT A JOB WITH THE POLICE... IT'S YOURS!
NO, THANK YOU, LIEUTENANT! I'LL STAY WITH MY RADIO! YOU CAN NEVER TELL WHEN I'LL GET HOLD OF ANOTHER CLUE!
BILL BEAMAN AND HIS ACCOMPLICE, STEVE ORBAN, WERE SENTENCED TO LONG PRISON TERMS! AT LAST THE DAYTIME BANDIT CRIMES WERE AT AN END... AND SO WAS BEAMAN'S CAREER AS THE SYRUP-VOICED LADIES' FRIEND!
...AND WHO'S THE LUCKY LADY GOING TO BE TODAY, BILLY BOY?
OH, SHUT UP!
THE END

THE LANDING

SICK with a nameless horror, Randy struggled awake. For long minutes he lay in a cold sweat, trembling with his strange illness of mind — the dream again, the same terrible dream that would not let him sleep or rest.

He clenched his fists, trying desperately to forget, but even in his waking moments he remembered. There was never any rest for him now, awake or asleep. His thoughts traveled back to that moment a year ago when he was on his third flight for the airlines. On the approach to the runway he'd had a full load of passengers. Then, just as he was setting the huge twin engined ship in, a rocketing gust of wind scooped up one wing. It was too late for him to act, everything happened so quickly. There was a violent tearing crash as the low wing scraped the runway, and the ship turned a cartwheel through the air.

Randy was thrown through the front windshield, clear of the plane. Stunned with shock, unable to move, he lay there and watched it burn, hearing the cries and screams of the people trapped within. He was the only survivor.

After that he'd been washed up as a pilot. There was a black, smudgy streak on that portion of the runway where the wing had scraped, and no amount of scrubbing on the part of the airport workmen had been able to remove it. On the approach run Randy could see it plainly, sticking out like a blinding red light. And once over that spot, he was helpless, staring at it with paralyzing intentness, unable to move a muscle. Twice the copilot had to take over the controls for landings to keep them from crashing again.

Randy had taken two physicals, and the flight surgeon had been very friendly toward him.

"What's the matter with me, Doc?" Randy would ask. "I just can't seem to function right on those landings."

"Nothing, Randy — at least, nothing I can find. Your eyes are all right. Depth perception is perfect. Not a thing wrong with you physically. It's all in your mind."

"Yeah, I know. I guess you're right." And Randy shrugged his broad shoulders helplessly. "But what can I do about it? Whenever I see that spot on the runway, I go all to pieces inside." He rubbed his hands feverishly across his eyes as if he were trying to blot out the memory of what had happened.

"You've got to get hold of yourself, Randy, and fight this thing out. You can lick it. I know you can!"

But Randy wasn't convinced. Jackson, the airlines manager, tried to help him, but every time Randy failed to deliver the goods and the copilot had to take over the controls.

One Sunday afternoon Randy was lounging despondently in the pilot's ready room. He was staring moodily at the wall, seeing nothing in front of him, when Jackson entered.

"Hi, Randy, how's the boy?" he asked jovially, slapping him across the shoulders.

"Not so hot, chief. I'm all washed up with this flying game, and I think I'll go out somewhere and get a job as a dishwasher!"

"Well, until you do, I have a little job for you. Number 2 ship just had her engines changed. Take her around the field a few times and check the engines. A slow time job."

Randy looked at Jackson with incredulous eyes. "You mean you'll trust me with *another* ship? And one with new engines?"

"Sure, kid. There's a fellow here who wants to ride copilot with you. Name's Andrews. He's been grounded for some time and wants to get a hop in the air again. A nice guy. He's out in the ship waiting for you."

Randy walked slowly out to the ship. Its shiny silver sparkled in the afternoon sunlight, and the bright letters of the airlines' name stood out sharply on the long, tapered fuselage. He could see someone sitting in the copilot's seat. He climbed in, locked the door behind him and walked toward the pilot's compartment.

"What say?" Randy called as he slid into the seat and buckled the safety belt across his waist.

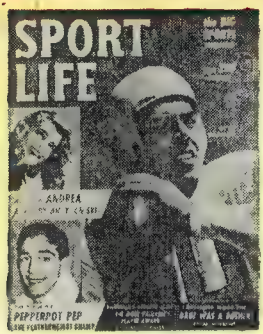
"Not much," Andrews replied, smiling, "but it sure will seem good to get in the air again. It's been a long time for me."

"I hope you'll feel the same way when this flight is over," Randy said as he began to make his usual thorough cockpit check and to start the engines. "You may be doing a little flying before we hit old Mother Earth again."

"Not me," Andrews answered. "I'm just going along for the ride, and I'm strictly planning to enjoy the whole thing."

Signaling the men to pull the chocks, Randy eased the throt-

Sport Fans read SPORT LIFE



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tles forward and began to taxi away from the line. At the take-off point he set the brakes and began to check the cockpit once more—the magnetos, the oil pressure, fuel pressure, gas tanks. Finally he was ready to go, and he called the tower.

"Hello, Weston tower. Trans 2 ready for take-off. Test hop. Randy, pilot."

"Trans 2," the tower called back, "clear to go."

Easing the throttles forward, Randy turned the ship straight down the runway and locked his tail wheel, then steadily pushed the throttles full forward to the stops. The ship thundered down the runway, swiftly picked up speed and lifted smoothly into the air.

Andrews fumbled for the wheel switch and flipped it, and the red light on the panel came on, indicating that the wheels were up. Randy wheeled the big ship to the left, then to the right and out of the pattern of the field.

Once clear, his fears seemed to vanish as he put the ship through the engine tests. After thirty minutes he returned to the field and prepared to land. But on the last turn to the approach he began to stare straight ahead as the fatal spot on the runway came into view. Five hundred feet from the ground he knew he couldn't make it.

"You'd better take it," he said to Andrews. "I can't set her in!"

Andrews was sitting easily, his arms relaxed; looking down at the fast approaching ground. "I just came along for the ride," he said casually. "You land it."

At the last instant Randy shoved the throttles, and the plane picked up speed, barely missing the ground. His hands were shaking as though he had a chill, but his forehead was beaded with perspiration. He swung the plane around for another try at a landing, his face grim with inner fear.

Again, just short of the ground he lost his nerve. "Take it!" he shouted at Andrews. But Andrews just smiled gently and didn't move.

Helplessly, Randy went around the field again, but this time he was angry clear through—at himself, but mostly at Andrews. "All right," he said to Andrews, "I'll land this baby myself!"

And he did! The plane hit the runway with a little screeching sound in a perfect three point landing. Suddenly Randy knew that he could do it again any time he wanted to! Feeling like a million dollars, he taxied up to the chocks, and without waiting for Andrews, he jumped out of the plane and ran to where Jackson was waiting.

"I did it!" he shouted excitedly. "Landed 'er myself, sweet as a whistle!"

They shook hands. "I knew you could, kid. Now you'd better go back and help Andrews out."

"Help him out? What do you mean?" Randy was puzzled.

Jackson smiled. "Andrews was a captain in the Air Corps. Flew a B-17. He was hit by ack-ack. It severed his optic nerves. He's stone-blind!"

The words spun around Randy as he realized what Andrews had done for him, what iron nerve and calm it must have taken for him to sit there while he landed—because Andrews must have known about his fear! And suddenly he was more grateful and humble than he had ever been before.

With a great thankfulness in his heart, he ran back to the plane and helped Andrews, still smiling, to the ground.

THE END SL—3510

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

of Crimefighters published Bimonthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1948.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Robert Solomon, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Crimefighters and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Comic Combine Corp., 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Editor, Stan Lee, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Business Manager, Robert Solomon, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Comic Combine Corp., 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is ..... (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) ROBERT SOLOMON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of September, 1948.

(SEAL) SYLVIA FIEGEN.

(My commission expires March 30, 1949.)

WANTED BY THE F.B.I.

$100 REWARD

WILL BE PAID FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE ARREST OF ANY OF THESE FUGITIVES!

RICHARD ALDEN JEVONS

With aliases: Richard Ellis, Ed. Johnson, Charles Lewis Lane, Jr., Earl Puckett, Bill Williams, "Dick", "Mustache", "Plunkett"

DESCRIPTION

Age, 39, born October 1, 1906, Newark, New Jersey; Height, 5' 11"; Weight, 210 pounds; Build, heavy; Hair, gray; Eyes, brown; Complexion, ruddy; Race, white; Nationality, American; Occupations, lawyer, radio engineer, telephone engineer, bootlegger; Scars and marks, small lump and scar on right cheek; Characteristics, wears large gold ring with green birthstone, occasionally wears rimless glasses.

VIOLATOR SELECTIVE SERVICE

CAUTION:

JEVONS MAY BE ARMED

CRIMINAL RECORD

Jevons has been arrested for larceny of an auto, assault and battery, and for liquor violations. An indictment was returned by a Federal Grand Jury at Washington, D. C. on June 4, 1945, charging Richard Alden Jevons with a violation of Section 311, Title 50, U. S. Code, in that he failed to advise Local Board No. 21, Washington, D. C., of his change of employment and failed to report for physical examination and induction.

Fingerprint Classification: 21 L 32 W IIM
1 16 W III

WILLIAM W. SHERWOOD

With aliases: "Wally" Sherwood, "Tony"

DESCRIPTION

Age, 26, born June 8, 1922, Kansas, Michigan; Height, 5 feet 10½ inches; Weight, 170 pounds; Eyes, brown; Hair, black; Complexion, ruddy; Build, medium; Race, white; Nationality, American; Education, ninth grade; Occupation, farm hand and construction worker.

NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE THEFT ACT

CRIMINAL RECORD

On August 24, 1943, the U. S. Commissioner for the Eastern District of Michigan, Detroit, Michigan, issued a warrant for Sherwood's arrest, charging him with having transported a stolen automobile from Washtenaw County, Michigan, to Sidney, Ohio, in violation of the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act. On March 27, 1945, he was indicted for the same offense by a Federal Grand Jury at Detroit, Michigan.

Fingerprint Classification: (none available)

CLARENCE JOHN LEE

With aliases: Edith O'Dea, Clarence Watts, Clarence John Wilkins

DESCRIPTION

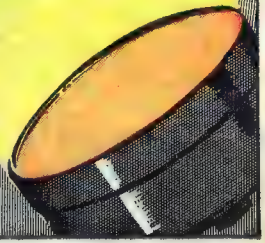
Age, 45, born January 21, 1900, Cortland, New York; Height, 5' 10½"; Weight, 178 pounds; Build, medium; Hair, gray; Eyes, blue; Complexion, ruddy; Race, white; Nationality, American; Education, eight years; Occupations, dismisser, drill press operator; various grinder; Scars and marks, tattoo of snake woman on butterfly, outer right forearm.

UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO AVOID PROSECUTION FOR ROBBERY, RAPE

CRIMINAL RECORD

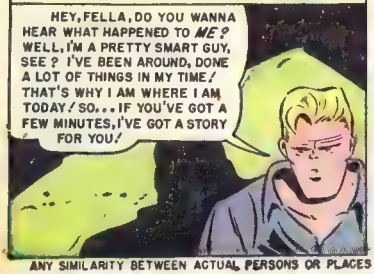
Lee has been arrested in the State of New York for the crime of assault with a deadly weapon. A complaint was filed on October 25, 1945, before a U. S. District Judge at Detroit, Michigan, charging Clarence John Lee with violating Section 408d, Title 18, U. S. Code, in that he fled from the State of Michigan to avoid prosecution for the crimes of robbery and rape.

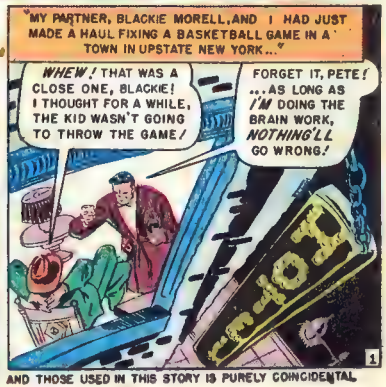
Fingerprint Classification: 21 L 1 R MO 16
M 1 U OOI



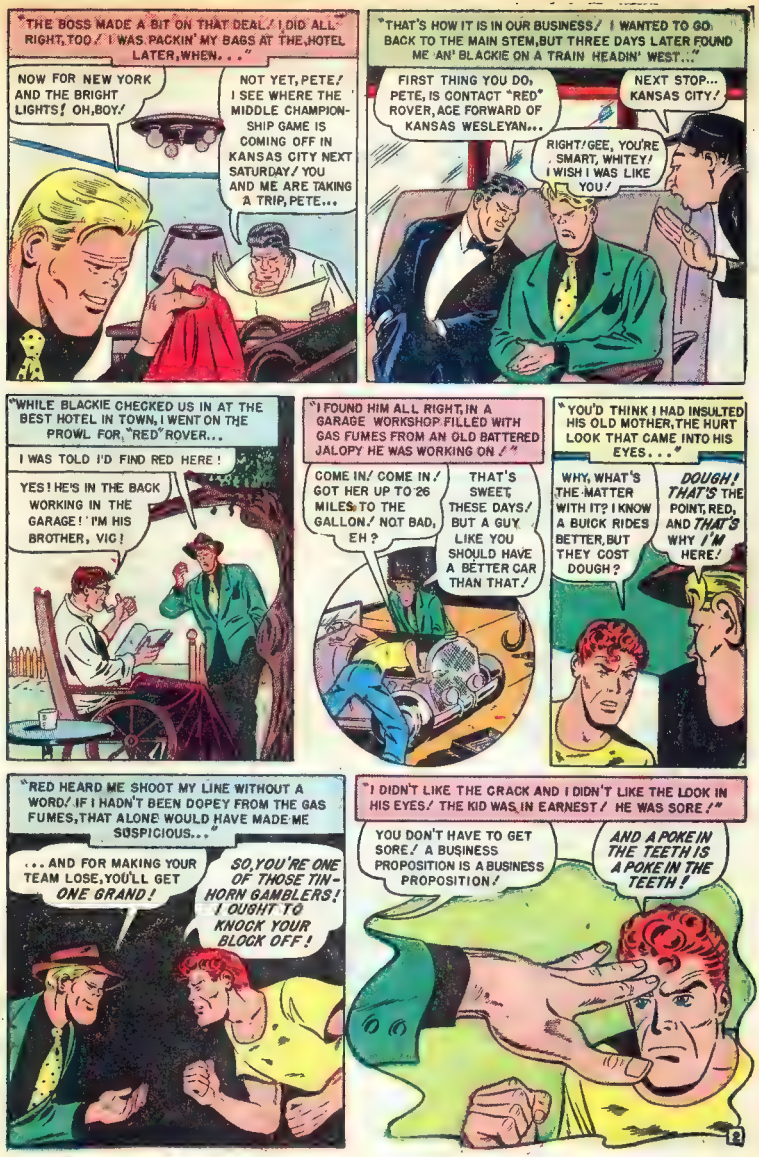
"GANGSTER'S GOAL!"

WHY YOU...
DON'T GIMME ANY ARGUMENTS! YOU'LL THROW THAT BASKETBALL GAME TODAY OR I'LL FIX YOUR BROTHER--BUT GOOD!
DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT, RED! NEVER MIND ABOUT ME--WE *MUST* WIN!
REMEMBER THE GAMBLING SCANDAL THAT HIT THE HEADLINES LAST YEAR DURING THE BASKETBALL SEASON? WELL, HERE'S THE INSIDE STORY, DIRECT FROM THE POLICE RECORDS TO YOU--THE INSIDE STORY OF A BASKETBALL FIX THAT WOULDN'T STAY FIXED! HERE IT IS, WORD BY WORD AS IT WAS TOLD TO THE POLICE BY PETE RANDON, A SMALL TIME GANGSTER, WHO WAS IN IT FROM THE BEGINNING TO THE END!
BASED ON A *TRUE STORY*
4279


THE CHARACTER YOU SEE BEFORE YOU NOW IS A SMALL-TIME HOOD NAMED PETE RANDON THE TIME. LAST APRIL THE PLACE .WELL, WE'LL COME TO THAT!
HEY, FELLA, DO YOU WANNA HEAR WHAT HAPPENED TO *ME*? WELL, I'M A PRETTY SMART GUY, SEE? I'VE BEEN AROUND, DONE A LOT OF THINGS IN MY TIME! THAT'S WHY I AM WHERE I AM TODAY! SO... IF YOU'VE GOT A FEW MINUTES, I'VE GOT A STORY FOR YOU!


"MY PARTNER, BLACKIE MORELL, AND I HAD JUST MADE A HAUL FIXING A BASKETBALL GAME IN A TOWN IN UPSTATE NEW YORK..."
WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE, BLACKIE! I THOUGHT FOR A WHILE, THE KID WASN'T GOING TO THROW THE GAME!
FORGET IT, PETE! ...AS LONG AS *I'M* DOING THE BRAIN WORK, *NOTHING'LL* GO WRONG!
1

ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL


"THE BOSS MADE A BIT ON THAT DEAL / I DID ALL RIGHT, TOO / I WAS PACKIN' MY BAGS AT THE HOTEL LATER, WHEN..."
NOW FOR NEW YORK AND THE BRIGHT LIGHTS! OH, BOY!
NOT YET, PETE / I SEE WHERE THE MIDDLE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME IS COMING OFF IN KANSAS CITY NEXT SATURDAY / YOU AND ME ARE TAKING A TRIP, PETE...
"THAT'S HOW IT IS IN OUR BUSINESS / I WANTED TO GO BACK TO THE MAIN STEM, BUT THREE DAYS LATER FOUND ME 'AN' BLACKIE ON A TRAIN HEADIN' WEST..."
FIRST THING YOU DO, PETE, IS CONTACT "RED" ROVER, AGE FORWARD OF KANSAS WESLEYAN...
NEXT STOP... KANSAS CITY!
RIGHT! GEE, YOU'RE SMART, WHITEY! I WISH I WAS LIKE YOU!
"WHILE BLACKIE CHECKED US IN AT THE BEST HOTEL IN TOWN, I WENT ON THE PROWL FOR "RED" ROVER...
I WAS TOLD I'D FIND RED HERE!
YES! HE'S IN THE BACK WORKING IN THE GARAGE! I'M HIS BROTHER, VIC!
"I FOUND HIM ALL RIGHT, IN A GARAGE WORKSHOP FILLED WITH GAS FUMES FROM AN OLD BATTERED JALOPY HE WAS WORKING ON /"
COME IN! COME IN! GOT HER UP TO 26 MILES TO THE GALLON! NOT BAD, EH?
THAT'S SWEET, THESE DAYS! BUT A GUY LIKE YOU SHOULD HAVE A BETTER CAR THAN THAT!
"YOU'D THINK I HAD INSULTED HIS OLD MOTHER, THE HURT LOOK THAT CAME INTO HIS EYES..."
WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH IT? I KNOW A BUICK RIDES BETTER, BUT THEY COST DOUGH?
DOUGH! THAT'S THE POINT, RED, AND THAT'S WHY I'M HERE!
"RED HEARD ME SHOOT MY LINE WITHOUT A WORD / IF I HADN'T BEEN DOPEY FROM THE GAS FUMES, THAT ALONE WOULD HAVE MADE ME SUSPICIOUS..."
...AND FOR MAKING YOUR TEAM LOSE, YOU'LL GET ONE GRAND!
SO, YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE TIN-HORN GAMBLERS! I OUGHT TO KNOCK YOUR BLOCK OFF!
"I DIDN'T LIKE THE CRACK AND I DIDN'T LIKE THE LOOK IN HIS EYES / THE KID WAS IN EARNEST / HE WAS SORE!"
YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET SORE / A BUSINESS PROPOSITION IS A BUSINESS PROPOSITION /
AND A POKE IN THE TEETH IS A POKE IN THE TEETH!
2

"I SIZED THE KID UP AND DECIDED I'D FEEL A LOT SAFER IF THE MONKEY WRENCH THAT LAY AT MY FEET WAS IN MY HAND./ SO I PICKED IT UP..."

LISTEN, SIR GALAHAD, IF IT'S NO DEAL, IT'S OKAY BY ME, BUT DON'T GET ANY IDEAS ABOUT GOING TO WORK ON ME/ DO I GO OUT LIKE A GENT OR DO I HAVE TO GET TOUGH?

"HE DIDN'T SEEM TO BE AFRAID OF THE HEAVY WRENCH I FLOURISHED/ IT DIDN'T STOP HIM FOR A MINUTE, HE CAME RIGHT AT ME!"

TOUGH, EH?

KEEP BACK/ KEEP AWAY FROM ME OR, SO HELP ME, I'LL SWING THIS WRENCH/

HEY! WHAT...

SOCK!

"THAT WAS THE LAST THING I SAID FOR A LONG TIME! BEFORE I COULD MOVE, A BATTERING RAM HIT ME!"

"HE BOUNCED ME OFF THE WALLS, THE FLOOR, THE CEILING, AS IF I WAS AN INDIAN RUBBER BALL, AND HE DIDN'T EVEN RAISE A SWEAT..."

CRACK!

"WHEN HE WAS FINISHED WITH ME, HE BOUNCED ME OUTTA THE DOOR/ AS I CRAWLED AWAY I COULD HEAR HIM LAUGH FIT TO BUST..."

HO! HO!

GONNA GET TOUGH, EH?

"I DIDN'T DARE GO BACK TO BLACKIE IN THE CONDITION I WAS IN./ BEING THE SMART GUY HE WAS, HE WOULDN'T LIKE MY DUMB PLAY/ SO I HOBBLED INTO A TURKISH BATH..."

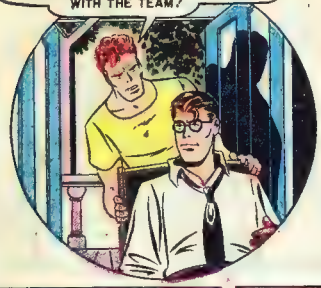
WHAT HAPPENED, MISTER, AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT?

NO/ I GOT MIXED UP WITH AN ORNERY *POLECAT!* BUT YOU'VE JUST GIVEN ME AN *IDEA!*

SWEDISH MASSAGE

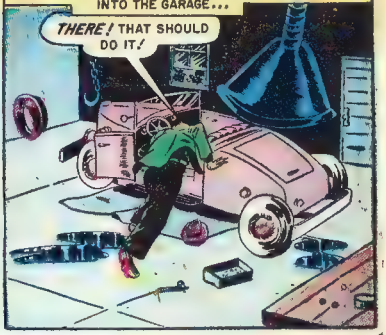
"A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER, I WENT BACK TO RED'S HOUSE AND WAITED..."

MA WON'T BE BACK UNTIL LATE, VIC, SO I'M GIVING YOU YOUR DINNER / THEN I'M GOING DOWN TO THE COURT TO PRACTICE WITH THE TEAM /



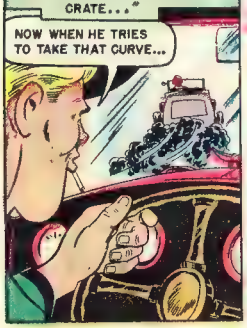
"FATE WAS PLAYING RIGHT INTO MY HANDS / I KNEW RED WOULD BE TIED UP FOR A WHILE, SO I SLIPPED INTO THE GARAGE...

THERE! THAT SHOULD DO IT /

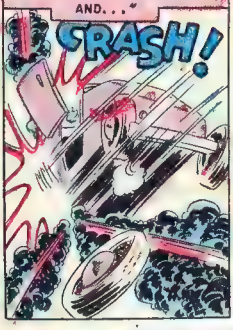


"WHEN RED LEFT HIS HOUSE AN HOUR LATER, I WAS CLOSE ON HIS TAILLIGHT IN A RENTED CRATE..."

NOW WHEN HE TRIES TO TAKE THAT CURVE...



"AS RED TOOK THE SHARP CURVE, THE STEERING KNUCKLE OF HIS JALOPY SIMPLY PARTED, AND..."



"I WAS VERY WELL SATISFIED WITH MYSELF / I'D SAVED THE BOSS A THOUSAND BERRIES AND I'D PUT RED OUTTA THE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME / I COULDN'T WAIT UNTIL I TOLD THE BOSS..."

THAT'S THAT! I BET BLACKIE'LL BE PROUD OF ME FOR *THIS!* THAT WAS A SMART MOVE HE'S SURE TO LIKE /

"BUT...IF I COULD HAVE SEEN WHAT WAS BEHIND ME...*WOW!*"

"SO WHEN I GOT BACK TO THE HOTEL..."

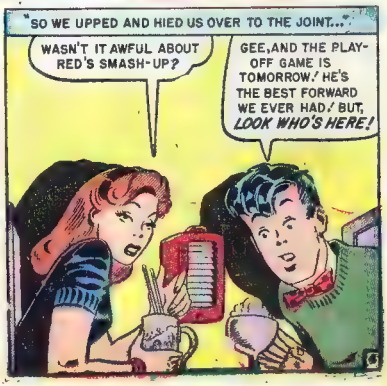
...AND I FIGURED THAT YOU'D TAKE CARE OF ME, BLACKIE / I'M SMART, HUH?

YOU DID ALL RIGHT, PETE / BLACKIE NEVER FORGETS / BUT LET'S HOP OVER TO THE ICE CREAM JOINT WHERE THE KIDS HANG OUT / I WANNA HEAR WHO THEY'LL SUBSTITUTE FOR HIM /

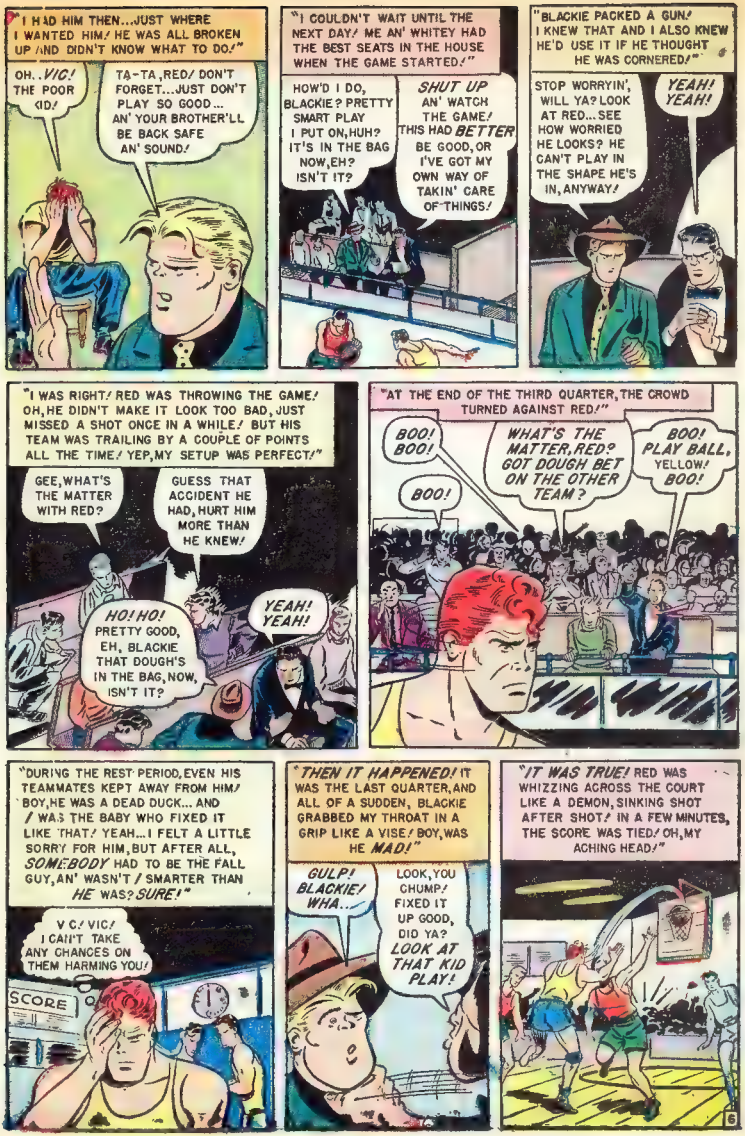
"SO WE UPPED AND HIED US OVER TO THE JOINT..."

WASN'T IT AWFUL ABOUT RED'S SMASH-UP?

GEE, AND THE PLAY-OFF GAME IS TOMORROW / HE'S THE BEST FORWARD WE EVER HAD / BUT, *LOOK WHO'S HERE!*



"I WAS JUST POCKETING AN EXTRA TWO C'S FROM MY EVER GRATEFUL BOSS, WHEN SUDDENLY..."
RED! WE HEARD...
YEAH, AN ACCIDENT/ BUT I'M OKAY, AND FIT AS A FIDDLE!
OH, BOY!
"AS SOON AS IT WAS SAFE WE SNEAKED OUT/ I KNEW I WAS IN A SPOT AND HAD TO THINK GOOD AND FAST/ I DID..."
LIKE I TOLD YA BEFORE, SMART BOY, I NEVER FORGET!
NO, NO! WAIT, BLACKIE! GIMME ANOTHER CHANCE! I GOT AN IDEA THAT CAN'T MISS!
"I WAS A BUSY LITTLE MAN FOR THE NEXT COUPLE OF HOURS, AND A CENTURY NOTE POORER, BUT I HAD FOUND A WAY TO REACH "RED" ROVER..."
WHAT? YOU SAY RED SMASHED UP AT THE TURNPIKE?
RED! IS-IS HE HURT?
NOT BAD, VIC, BUT HE WANTS TO SEE YOU RIGHT AWAY/ I HAVE MY CAR RIGHT HERE/ COME ON!
"I GOT THE KID, WHEEL CHAIR AND ALL, INTO THE CRATE AND HEADED FOR A LITTLE SHACK I HAD JUST RENTED ON A HILL OUTSIDE OF TOWN..."
THIS ISN'T THE TURNPIKE! WHERE'S RED?
HE ISN'T HERE, BUB/ BUT TAKE IT EASY/ NOTHIN'S GOIN' TO HAPPEN TO YA/ YOU'RE ONLY GOING T'BE "MISSING" TILL AFTER THE GAME TOMORROW/
"I NAILED THE FOOTBOARD OF THE WHEEL CHAIR TO THE FLOOR OF THE SHACK, AND..."
YOU'RE—YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE ME HERE? I—I CAN'T WALK/
THAT'S WHY I'M NAILIN' YOUR WHEEL CHAIR DOWN/ NOW I'M GOIN' TO SEE YOUR EVER-LOVING BROTHER... RED!
"ONCE AGAIN I RETURNED TO RED'S GARAGE/ THIS TIME I KNEW I'D BE WELCOME..."
WHAT? YOU AGAIN/ LOOKING FOR MORE OF THE SAME?
NO, WAIT, RED/ I CAME TO TELL YA THAT SOME OF THE BOYS SNATCHED YOUR BROTHER, VIC/
VIC! NO! YOU COULDN'T! WHY—WHY HE'S A CRIPPLE!
TAKE IT EASY, RED/ HE'S SAFE/ NOTHIN'S GOIN' TO HAPPEN TO HIM, PROVIDIN' YOU CHUCK THE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME TOMORROW/


"I HAD HIM THEN...JUST WHERE I WANTED HIM! HE WAS ALL BROKEN UP AND DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!"
OH..VIC! THE POOR KID!
TA-TA, RED! DON'T FORGET...JUST DON'T PLAY SO GOOD... AN' YOUR BROTHER'LL BE BACK SAFE AN' SOUND!
"I COULDN'T WAIT UNTIL THE NEXT DAY! ME AN' WHITEY HAD THE BEST SEATS IN THE HOUSE WHEN THE GAME STARTED!"
HOW'D I DO, BLACKIE? PRETTY SMART PLAY I PUT ON, HUH? IT'S IN THE BAG NOW, EH? ISN'T IT?
SHUT UP AN' WATCH THE GAME! THIS HAD BETTER BE GOOD, OR I'VE GOT MY OWN WAY OF TAKIN' CARE OF THINGS!
"BLACKIE PACKED A GUN! I KNEW THAT AND I ALSO KNEW HE'D USE IT IF HE THOUGHT HE WAS CORNERED!"
STOP WORRYIN', WILL YA? LOOK AT RED... SEE HOW WORRIED HE LOOKS? HE CAN'T PLAY IN THE SHAPE HE'S IN, ANYWAY!
YEAH! YEAH!
"I WAS RIGHT! RED WAS THROWING THE GAME! OH, HE DIDN'T MAKE IT LOOK TOO BAD, JUST MISSED A SHOT ONCE IN A WHILE! BUT HIS TEAM WAS TRAILING BY A COUPLE OF POINTS ALL THE TIME! YEP, MY SETUP WAS PERFECT!"
GEE, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH RED?
GUESS THAT ACCIDENT HE HAD, HURT HIM MORE THAN HE KNEW!
HO! HO! PRETTY GOOD, EH, BLACKIE THAT DOUGH'S IN THE BAG, NOW, ISN'T IT?
YEAH! YEAH!
"AT THE END OF THE THIRD QUARTER, THE CROWD TURNED AGAINST RED!"
BOO! BOO!
BOO!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, RED? GOT DOUGH BET ON THE OTHER TEAM?
BOO! PLAY BALL, YELLOW! BOO!
"DURING THE REST PERIOD, EVEN HIS TEAMMATES KEPT AWAY FROM HIM! BOY, HE WAS A DEAD DUCK... AND I WAS THE BABY WHO FIXED IT LIKE THAT! YEAH... I FELT A LITTLE SORRY FOR HIM, BUT AFTER ALL, SOMEBODY HAD TO BE THE FALL GUY, AN' WASN'T I SMARTER THAN HE WAS? SURE!"
V C! VIC! I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES ON THEM HARMING YOU!
SCORE
"THEN IT HAPPENED! IT WAS THE LAST QUARTER, AND ALL OF A SUDDEN, BLACKIE GRABBED MY THROAT IN A GRIP LIKE A VISE! BOY, WAS HE MAD!"
GULP! BLACKIE! WHA...
LOOK, YOU CHUMP! FIXED IT UP GOOD, DID YA? LOOK AT THAT KID PLAY!
"IT WAS TRUE! RED WAS WHIZZING ACROSS THE COURT LIKE A DEMON, SINKING SHOT AFTER SHOT! IN A FEW MINUTES, THE SCORE WAS TIED! OH, MY ACHING HEAD!"
6

"I NEVER KNEW HOW THE KID MANAGED TO GET OUTTA THE SHACK, UNTIL HE TESTIFIED AGAINST ME AT THE TRIAL..."

IF I CAN ONLY TURN THE WHEEL CHAIR OVER BACKWARDS, I'LL PULL THE NAILS OUT OF THE FLOOR/ I MUST TRY AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN/ THERE/ THEY'RE STARTING TO LOOSEN/

"AFTER THE KID FINALLY DUMPED THE CHAIR OVER, HE MANAGED TO GET OUTTA THE SHACK AND OVER TO THE TOP OF THE HILL/ THEN..."

THERE'S NOT MUCH TIME LEFT/ I HAVE TO GET TO THE STADIUM BEFORE THE GAME IS OVER/ I MUST/ I MUST/ NOW IF I CAN ONLY START MY WHEEL CHAIR DOWN THE HILL...

WHEEEEEEE!

WH-WHAT...?

QUICK/ GET ME... TO THE... STADIUM... RIGHT AWAY/ I'M "RED" ROVER'S BROTHER/ I'VE JUST GOTTEN AWAY FROM KIDNAPERS/

RIGHT/ GIVE ME A HAND WITH HIM, SON/

"I LEARNED THAT FIVE MINUTES LATER, THE KID WAS CARRIED TO THE SIDE LINES OF THE COURT/ IT WAS AT THE END OF THE THIRD QUARTER..."

GET WORD TO RED THAT I'M HERE... SAFE/ HURRY BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE/ HE MUST WIN THIS GAME/

RIGHT/ KEEP YOUR FACE COVERED, VIC/ THE MUGS MUSTN'T KNOW YOU'RE HERE/

SOCK

"YEP/ THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENED/ IN THE LAST QUARTER, KANSAS PILED UP A TIE SCORE/ AND THEN...

HE MADE IT/ YEA, RED/

YEA/

KANSAS WINS/ HURRAH/ HURRAH/

"WE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO MAKE A GETAWAY/ THE JOINT WAS CRAWLING WITH COPS AN' IN A SECOND, THEY WERE CRAWLING OVER *US!*"

SMART GUY, HUH? I SUNK EVERY CENT I HAD ON THIS GAME, PETE, EXCEPT THE PRICE OF A COFFIN FOR YOU/

GEE, BLACKIE, HOW WAS I TO KNOW...

WELL/ WELL/ THE TWO CON BOYS/ WE'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME TO GET THE GOODS ON YOU/

THIS IS WHERE WE CAME IN, READER/ NOW WE CAN TELL YOU WHERE ALL THIS CONVERSATION TOOK PLACE... AT THE FEDERAL PRISON/

HEY, YOU TWO SMART GUYS, QUIT YOUR TALKING/

OKAY/ OKAY/ YEP/ WE'RE SMART GUYS, ALL RIGHT/

HAW!

THE END

RED UNIT

ANNIE OAKLEY
BLACKSTONE THE MAGICIAN
BLONDE PHANTOM
COMPLETE MYSTERY STORIES
CRIMEFIGHTERS ALWAYS WIN
GEORGIE
IDEAL COMICS
JOKER COMICS
JUSTICE
LAWBREAKERS ALWAYS LOSE
MARGIE
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS
MILLIE THE MODEL
NAMORA
NELLIE THE NURSE
PATSY WALKER
SUB-MARINER
SUN GIRL
TEEN COMICS
TESSIE THE TYPIST
TEX MORGAN
TWO-GUN KID
WILD WESTERN
WILLIE

BLUE-YELLOW UNIT

ALL-TRUE CRIME CASES
ALL WINNERS
BLAZE CARSON
CAPTAIN AMERICA
CINDY
COMEDY COMICS
CRIME EXPOSED
FRANKIE
GAY COMICS
HEDY DE VINE
HUMAN TORCH
JEANIE
JUNIOR MISS
KID COLT
KRAZY KOMICS
LANA
MITZI
MY ROMANCE
OSCAR
POWERHOUSE PEPPER
RUSTY
SUPER RABBIT
TEX TAYLOR
THE WITNESS
VENUS
WACKY DUCK

MARVEL
COMIC GROUP

HI FRIENDS:

Lately there has been quite a debate about comics raging in the pages of the Saturday Review of Literature, one of America's most respected magazines. In an article, a Dr. Wertham discussed the problem of juvenile delinquency in America today, and pinned the blame for some of these cases on comic magazines, simply because many of the delinquent youngsters had read comics.

93% of all young people (from 8 to 16 years of age) read comics. Naturally a few young people get into some kind of trouble . . . so do a lot of older ones . . . and of course many of the kids who get into trouble do read comics. But what the article does not state is the fact that 93% of the boys and girls who get into *no trouble at all* also read comics.

Let us quote a letter from David Pace Wigransky, a 14 year old reader of comics, published in the July 24th issue of the Saturday Review:

". . . In none of these cases was it proved that reading comic books was the cause of the delinquency. A good many of the delinquents mentioned happened to be readers of comic magazines, just as are 69,999,975 perfectly healthy, happy, normal American boys and girls, men and women, who also read comics.

". . . It appears that his [Dr. Wertham's] 564 question to a child being psychoanalyzed is, 'Do you read COMIC BOOKS, my little man?' Of course the juvenile delinquent, *being a normal child in at least that way*, will answer 'Yes'."

In other words, the case is just as we stated it above. Since almost all kids of any kind read comics, naturally some of the delinquents read comics too. But since the same percentage holds true among the millions of youngsters who have committed *no offense at all*, why not give the comics credit for the good influence they have been on these millions of healthy, normal kids, instead of just blaming them for our handful of delinquents?

Once again let us remind you to show our magazines, or any of the other *good* comics, to people who criticize this form of entertainment. Show those people that your favorite magazines are not harmful. Let them see Dr. Thompson's endorsement on the first page of every one of our magazines, and prove to one and all that the comics you buy and read are *good for you.*

THE EDITORS
MARVEL COMIC GROUP

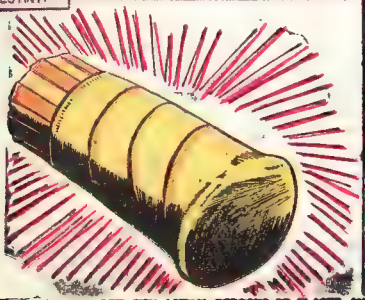
The BULLET SINGS

THERE IS THE CRIMINAL HISTORY OF A MAN WHO DEFIED THE LAWS OF SOCIETY, WHO LIVED BY THE GUN, AND IN THE END WAS BETRAYED BY THE GUN! HERE IS THE STORY OF ROY HAINES AS THE POLICE KNEW IT, RELEASED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ANY PUBLICATION!

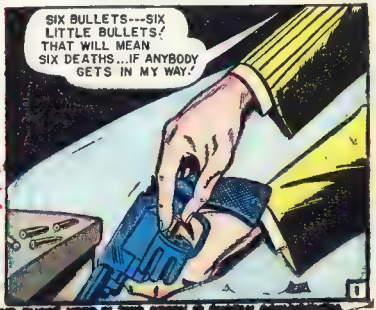
BASED ON A TRUE STORY

4029

I AM A BULLET, SLIGHTLY USED! STUDY THIS PICTURE OF ME...YOU WILL NOTE THAT THERE ARE THREE RINGS AROUND ME, THAT MY FORE PART IS FLATTENED, THAT I HAVE BEEN SCORED BY THE RIFLING IN A REVOLVER! I HAVE FULFILLED MY DESTINY!"



"YES, I HAVE FULFILLED MY DESTINY...TO KILL! BUT HOW I DID IT...WHY I DID IT...THAT IS MY STORY! IT ALL BEGAN IN JULY, 1947, WHEN, WITH FIVE OTHER BULLETS, I WAS INSERTED IN THE CYLINDER OF A REVOLVER---"



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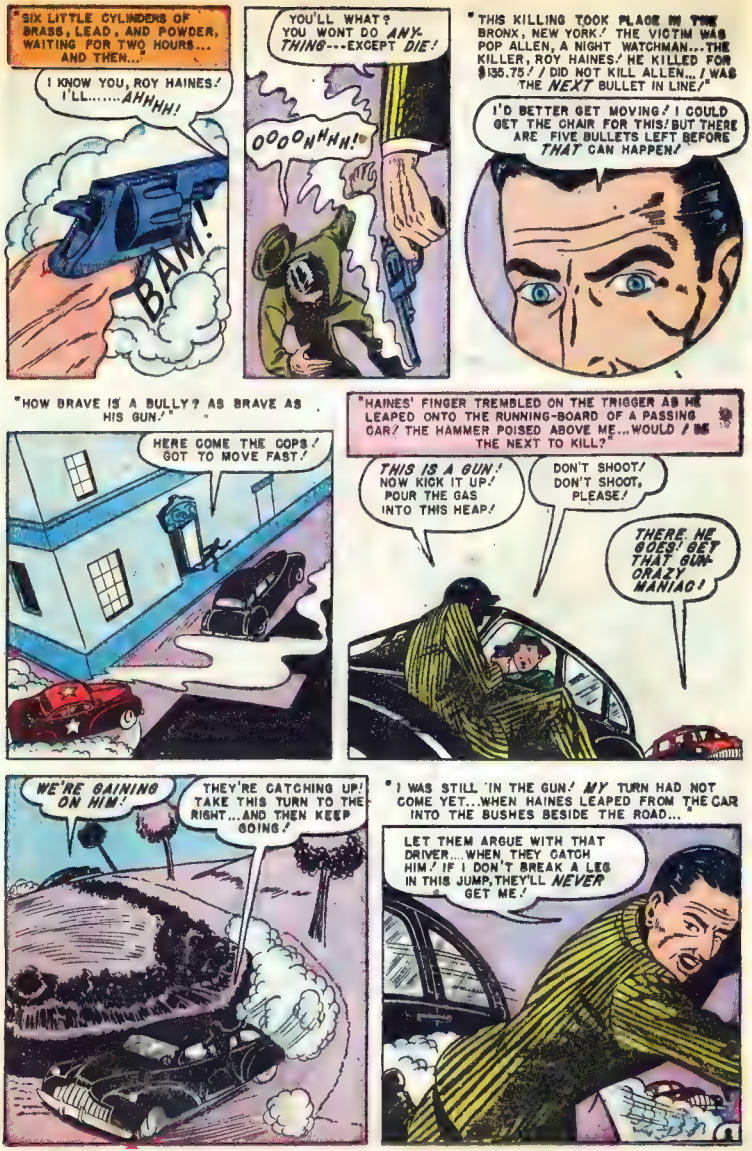
"SIX LITTLE CYLINDERS OF BRASS, LEAD, AND POWDER, WAITING FOR TWO HOURS... AND THEN..."
I KNOW YOU, ROY HAINES! I'LL.....AHHHH!
BAM!
YOU'LL WHAT? YOU WONT DO ANY-THING---EXCEPT DIE!
OOOOHHH!
"THIS KILLING TOOK PLACE IN THE BRONX, NEW YORK! THE VICTIM WAS POP ALLEN, A NIGHT WATCHMAN...THE KILLER, ROY HAINES! HE KILLED FOR $135.75! / DID NOT KILL ALLEN... / WAS THE NEXT BULLET IN LINE!"
I'D BETTER GET MOVING! I COULD GET THE CHAIR FOR THIS! BUT THERE ARE FIVE BULLETS LEFT BEFORE THAT CAN HAPPEN!
"HOW BRAVE IS A BULLY? AS BRAVE AS HIS GUN!"
HERE COME THE COPS! GOT TO MOVE FAST!
"HAINES' FINGER TREMBLED ON THE TRIGGER AS HE LEAPED ONTO THE RUNNING-BOARD OF A PASSING CAR! THE HAMMER POISED ABOVE ME...WOULD / BE THE NEXT TO KILL?"
THIS IS A GUN! NOW KICK IT UP! POUR THE GAS INTO THIS HEAP!
DON'T SHOOT! DON'T SHOOT, PLEASE!
THERE HE GOES! GET THAT GUN-CRAZY MANIAC!
WE'RE GAINING ON HIM!
THEY'RE CATCHING UP! TAKE THIS TURN TO THE RIGHT...AND THEN KEEP GOING!
"I WAS STILL IN THE GUN! MY TURN HAD NOT COME YET...WHEN HAINES LEAPED FROM THE CAR INTO THE BUSHES BESIDE THE ROAD...
LET THEM ARGUE WITH THAT DRIVER....WHEN THEY CATCH HIM! IF I DON'T BREAK A LEG IN THIS JUMP, THEY'LL NEVER GET ME!

YES, SO FAR WE WERE SAFE... MY OWNER AND I!

THEY DIDN'T *SEE* ME! BY THE TIME THEY CATCH UP TO HIM, I'LL BE ON MY WAY!

I WAS STILL IN THE GUN, HIDDEN IN A SHOULDER HOLSTER, AS HAINES DODGED THROUGH DARK STREETS, TOWARD ROUTE ONE...AND ESCAPE!

HEY, THERE! HOW ABOUT A LIFT?

SURE! HOP IN!

YOU'RE LUCKY MY HELPER BROKE AN ARM, OR I WOULDN'T HAVE *ROOM* FOR YOU! I'M GOING UP PAST BOSTON, IF YOU'RE *HEADED* THAT WAY!

THANKS A *MILLION!* THAT'S JUST WHERE I *AM* GOING!

"EVERY TIME A CAR DREW UP, HAINES' HAND CREPT UP TO THE GUN...THEN, SLOWLY, HE RELAXED...AS NEW ENGLAND ROLLED UNDER US...AND THE NIGHT FADED..."

THE BEST-ROOMS IN TOWN...AND AGGIE RIVERS SERVES A *REAL MEAL!* MY HELPER STAYS HERE, SO I KNOW THERE'S A VACANT ROOM! LOOK ME UP SOME-TIME...I LIVE ON THE NEXT BLOCK!

THANKS AGAIN! I'LL BE SEEING YOU!

FOG MASTERS TOLD ME I COULD GET A GOOD ROOM HERE, MRS. RIVERS! HIS HELPER WON'T BE IN FOR AWHILE!

LOOK AT THAT GIRL! SHE MUST BE THE TOWN BEAUTY!

IF YOU'RE A FRIEND OF FOG'S, YOU'RE WELCOME HERE!

MY NAME'S ROY HAINES! THIS LOOKS LIKE THE KIND OF HOUSE I ALWAYS *WANTED* TO LIVE IN!

THIS IS MY DAUGHTER, GAY...SHE'S GOING TO WORK IN THE MILL!

...LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE IN TOWN! GLAD TO MEET YOU, MR. HAINES!

"I WAS STILL IN THE GUN WHEN ROY HAINES SLID IT INTO A BUREAU IN THE PEACEFUL HOME OF AGGIE RIVERS! *WHO* WOULD BE NEXT ON THE DEATH-LIST OF A KILLER?"

"I DIDN'T STAY IN THE BUREAU LONG....BECAUSE HAINES SPENT THE DAY 'CASING' THE TOWN, AS HE CALLED IT."
BIG-CITY BOY MEETS SMALL-TOWN GAL. ALL SHE KNOWS IS THAT FACTORY! THAT'S ALL ANYBODY KNOWS HERE!
HERE'S ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE BRUTAL MURDERS. LISTEN TO THIS STORY....
"THEN, BY SHEER ACCIDENT, HAINES GOT AN IDEA... AN IDEA FOR... DEATH!"
...A POOR OLD NIGHT WATCHMAN WAS KILLED IN NEW YORK LAST NIGHT. THE KILLER GOT AWAY AND THEY'RE STILL HUNTING FOR HIM...THEY SAY HE MIGHT HAVE HITCHED A RIDE ON ROUTE ONE.
TSCH. TSCH. HOW AWFUL.
MOTHER, YOU'RE ALWAYS READING THOSE CRIME STORIES. THINGS LIKE THAT NEVER HAPPEN IN THIS TOWN. THERE'S NOTHING HERE BUT THE MILL! AND HOW MUCH DO WE GET EVERY FRIDAY? WE'RE NOT WORTH ROBBING.
THEY'LL CHECK ALL TRUCKS...AND MAYBE MASTERS WILL GET WISE. WHAT I NEED IS A STAKE, TO LIE LOW FOR A WHILE. I'LL WAIT...SHE SAID THEY GET PAID ON FRIDAY. THE PAY ROLL MUST BE ABOUT FIFTY GRAND.
I WAS JUST THINKING WHAT A SHAME IT IS THAT A GIRL LIKE GAY IS JUST AN ORDINARY MILL HAND. I THINK I CAN HELP HER GET AHEAD. I KNOW I CAN.
BUT HOW COULD YOU DO THAT, MR. HAINES?
SIMPLE. I'M AN INDUSTRIAL ENGINEER. IF GAY GETS ME INTO THE FACTORY I'LL HELP WITH EFFICIENCY IDEAS...AND GIVE HER CREDIT FOR THEM. THAT'S HOW.
YOU MEAN.... I MIGHT GET PROMOTED, AND MOTHER COULD STOP RUNNING A BOARDING HOUSE? GLORY. THAT WOULD BE WONDERFUL.
"HAINES HAD HIS IDEA, ALL RIGHT... AND IT WOULD MEAN ACTION FOR HIS GUN...FOR ME."
NOW I NEED LEEWAY FOR THREE DAYS...UNTIL FRIDAY. I'LL HAVE TO GET MASTERS OUT OF THE WAY. HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO MIGHT LINK ME WITH THAT NEW YORK MURDER.
I GUESSED RIGHT...HE SLEPT ALL DAY AFTER THE NIGHT HAUL. NOW HE'LL BE GOING TO WORK AGAIN. I THINK FOG MASTERS IS GOING TO GET A LITTLE SURPRISE TONIGHT.
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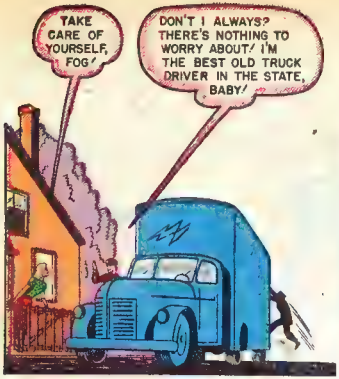
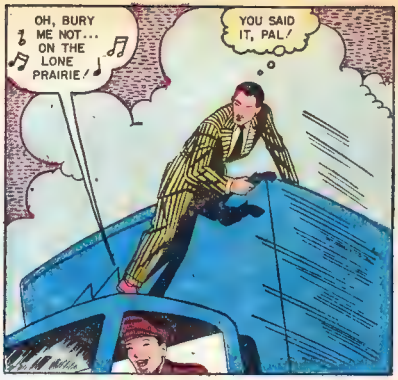
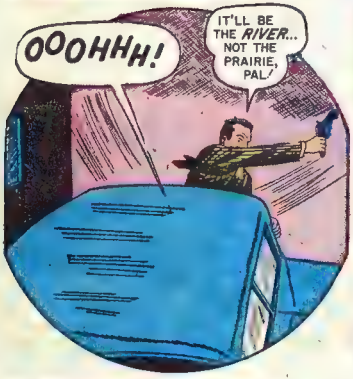
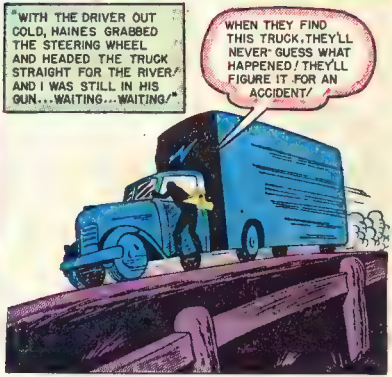
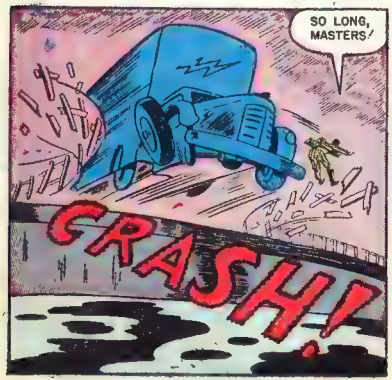






"WITH THE DRIVER OUT COLD, HAINES GRABBED THE STEERING WHEEL AND HEADED THE TRUCK STRAIGHT FOR THE RIVER! AND I WAS STILL IN HIS GUN...WAITING...WAITING!"





"HE DIDN'T USE *ME* ON FOG MASTERS! / LAY IN THE *CYLINDER* WAITING...THE NEXT BULLET IN LINE! I WAS UNDER HIS SHOULDER THE FOLLOWING MORNING..."

THIS IS MR. HAINES, A FRIEND OF OUR FAMILY'S! HE IS AN INDUSTRIAL ENGINEER...AND HE SAID HE HAD A COUPLE OF DAYS FREE! AS A FAVOR TO ME, HE'LL SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE IN THE FACTORY!

WELL...IT SOUNDS INTERESTING! WELCOME, MR. HAINES...I'LL GIVE YOU A PASS THAT WILL LET YOU LOOK EVERYTHING OVER!

IF YOU COME UP WITH SOME IDEAS, I'LL HAVE TO GIVE MISS RIVERS THE CREDIT!

SHE DESERVES ALL THE CREDIT! IT WAS HER IDEA IN THE FIRST PLACE!

THAT WASN'T TRUE! I FEEL FUNNY ABOUT A LIE LIKE THAT... EVEN A HARMLESS ONE!

DON'T BE *SILLY*, GAY! WHAT DO *YOU* CARE... AS LONG AS IT HELPS YOUR MOTHER? THINK OF THE *COMFORT* SHE'LL HAVE...AND NOW MR. BANNON KNOWS YOU'RE ALIVE! HE'LL *REMEMBER* THIS!

"GAY WENT BACK TO HER JOB...AND SOON AFTER, SLIM HAINES WAS LOOKING OVER THE DEPARTMENT THAT INTERESTED HIM...AND I WAS CERTAIN NOW I WOULD BE PUT TO USE..."

I'M LOOKING OVER THE PLANT ON MR. BANNON'S ORDERS! WE'RE GOING TO STREAMLINE IT...AND I UNDERSTAND A GREAT DEAL OF *TIME* IS LOST AT THE *PAY WINDOWS* ON FRIDAY!

MR. HAINES, EH? I SUPPOSE THERE *IS*...THE WORKERS ALWAYS *LOAF* A LITTLE WHEN THEY COME TO GET THEIR PAY! WHY DON'T YOU *WATCH* TOMORROW? I'LL **GET** HERE EARLY TO HAVE EVERYTHING READY!

THAT DID IT! I'LL BE THERE WHEN HE BREAKS OUT THE DOUGH! THIS IS LIKE KNOCKING OFF A SITTING DUCK!

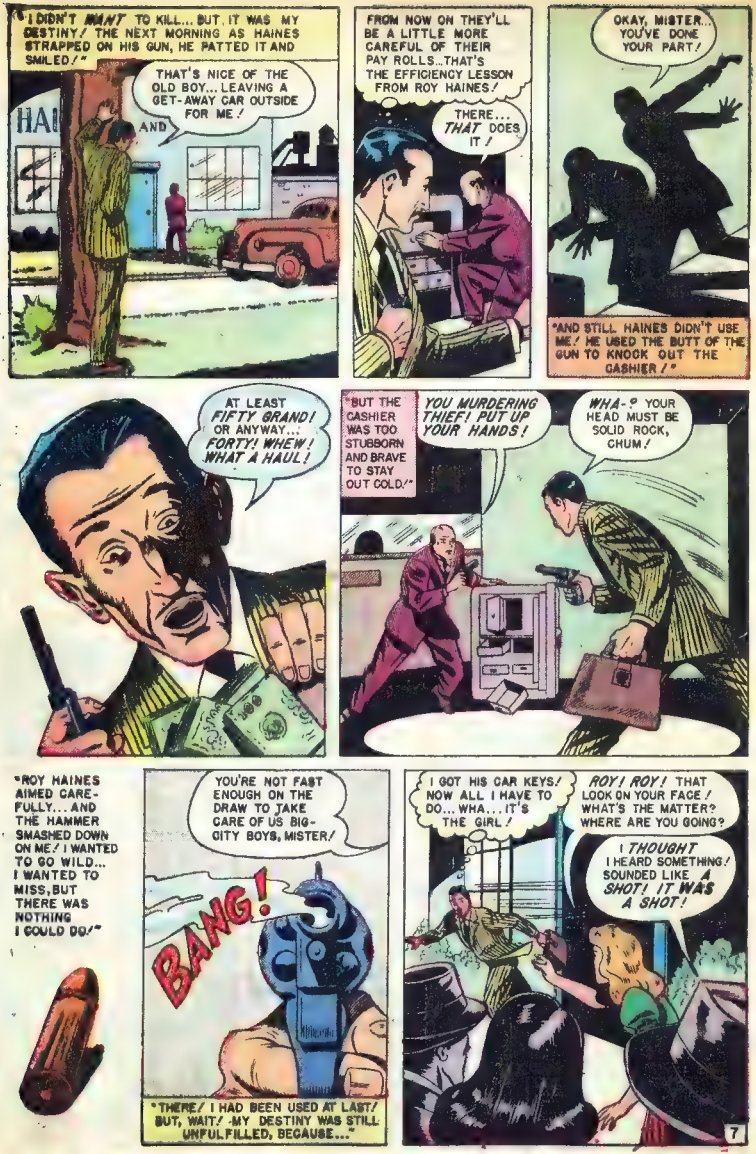
"THAT NIGHT, ROY HAINES CLEANED HIS GUN CAREFULLY! HE TOOK ALL THE BULLETS OUT AND EXAMINED US...AND PUT US BACK IN! HE WAS READY...AND I WAS *STILL* THE NEXT ONE IN THE CYLINDER!"

ROY! ARE YOU IN THERE?

YES, GAY! I'M JUST GOING TO BED! I HAVE TO BE IN EARLY TOMORROW MORNING! NO SACRIFICE TOO GREAT FOR GAY RIVERS! WAIT... I'LL OPEN THE DOOR!

I'M GOING TO HAVE A BUSY DAY TOMORROW... BUT I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW NIGHT, BABY! WE'LL HAVE A BIG TIME! *A PAY-NIGHT BLOWOUT!*

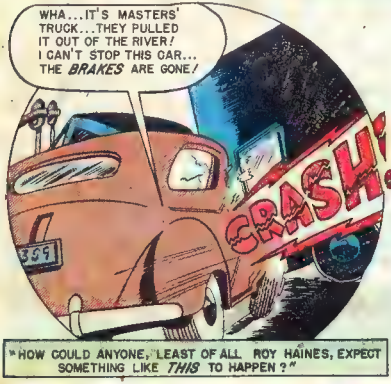
ROY, YOU'RE GOING TO SUCH TROUBLE FOR ME... I FEEL ALMOST GUILTY!

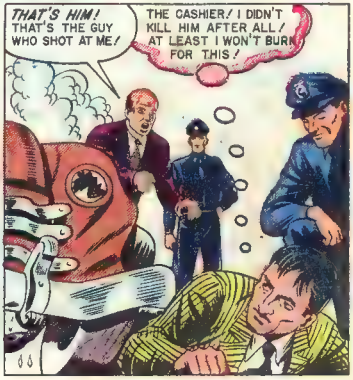

"I DIDN'T WANT TO KILL... BUT IT WAS MY DESTINY! THE NEXT MORNING AS HAINES STRAPPED ON HIS GUN, HE PATTED IT AND SMILED!"
THAT'S NICE OF THE OLD BOY... LEAVING A GET-AWAY CAR OUTSIDE FOR ME!
AND
FROM NOW ON THEY'LL BE A LITTLE MORE CAREFUL OF THEIR PAY ROLLS...THAT'S THE EFFICIENCY LESSON FROM ROY HAINES!
THERE... THAT DOES IT!
OKAY, MISTER... YOU'VE DONE YOUR PART!
"AND STILL HAINES DIDN'T USE ME! HE USED THE BUTT OF THE GUN TO KNOCK OUT THE CASHIER!"
AT LEAST FIFTY GRAND! OR ANYWAY... FORTY! WHEW! WHAT A HAUL!
"BUT THE CASHIER WAS TOO STUBBORN AND BRAVE TO STAY OUT COLD!"
YOU MURDERING THIEF! PUT UP YOUR HANDS!
WHA-? YOUR HEAD MUST BE SOLID ROCK, CHUM!
"ROY HAINES AIMED CAREFULLY... AND THE HAMMER SMASHED DOWN ON ME! I WANTED TO GO WILD... I WANTED TO MISS, BUT THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO!"
YOU'RE NOT FAST ENOUGH ON THE DRAW TO TAKE CARE OF US BIG-CITY BOYS, MISTER!
BANG!
"THERE! I HAD BEEN USED AT LAST! BUT, WAIT! MY DESTINY WAS STILL UNFULFILLED, BECAUSE..."
I GOT HIS CAR KEYS! NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO... WHA... IT'S THE GIRL!
ROY! ROY! THAT LOOK ON YOUR FACE! WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING! SOUNDED LIKE A SHOT! IT WAS A SHOT!

ROY! YOU'VE GOT A GUN UNDER YOUR COAT! WHY? WAIT, ROY! WAIT!
LET GO! LET GO OF ME, YOU DUMB CHICK! MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

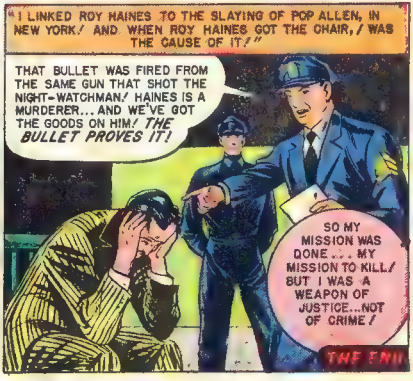
KEEP BACK! STAY OUT OF MY WAY, OR YOU'LL ALL GET WHAT THE OTHERS GOT!
HE MUST HAVE SHOT OLD GOONEY, THE CASHIER!
"LIKE A WOUNDED TIGER AT BAY, ROY SNARLED HIS DEFIANCE AT THE ANGRY CROWD!"

NOW TO GET OUT OF TOWN BEFORE THE COPS GET GOING! THEY'LL BE SLOW AS MOLASSES IN A TOWN LIKE THIS! LOOK AT THE FOOLS RUNNING AFTER ME! HA-HA!
STOP HIM! STOP, THIEF... MURDERER!


WHA... IT'S MASTERS' TRUCK... THEY PULLED IT OUT OF THE RIVER! I CAN'T STOP THIS CAR... THE BRAKES ARE GONE!
CRASH!
"HOW COULD ANYONE, LEAST OF ALL ROY HAINES, EXPECT SOMETHING LIKE THIS TO HAPPEN?"


THAT'S HIM! THAT'S THE GUY WHO SHOT AT ME!
THE CASHIER! I DIDN'T KILL HIM AFTER ALL! AT LEAST I WON'T BURN FOR THIS!

"BUT MY DESTINY... REMEMBER? I WAS MEANT TO KILL ...AND I DID, BUT IN A STRANGE WAY!"
HEY!... LOOK AT THIS! WE SENT A BALLISTICS REPORT ON THE BULLET THAT CREASED GOONEY, TO NEW YORK... ON THE CHANCE THAT THIS GUY MIGHT BE THE KILLER THEY'RE HUNTING!
HUH? IT CAN'T BE! IT CAN'T BE!


"I LINKED ROY HAINES TO THE SLAYING OF POP ALLEN, IN NEW YORK! AND WHEN ROY HAINES GOT THE CHAIR, I WAS THE CAUSE OF IT!"
THAT BULLET WAS FIRED FROM THE SAME GUN THAT SHOT THE NIGHT-WATCHMAN! HAINES IS A MURDERER... AND WE'VE GOT THE GOODS ON HIM! THE BULLET PROVES IT!
SO MY MISSION WAS DONE... MY MISSION TO KILL! BUT I WAS A WEAPON OF JUSTICE... NOT OF CRIME!
THE END

"TIDE of TERROR!"

LOOK AT THIS MAN! YOU MAY THINK THAT HE IS OUT FOR A DAY'S PLEASURE, ROWING IN THE SUN--BUT YOU'D BE WRONG! ***THIS MAN IS A MURDERER,*** AND EACH STROKE OF THE OARS BRINGS HIM CLOSER TO MURDER—AND ITS INEVITABLE CONSEQUENCES! HERE IS A CRIME THAT, THOUGH DEADLY, STILL BRINGS A GRIM SMILE TO THE LIPS OF THE LONG ISLAND POLICE BECAUSE OF ITS AMAZING CONCLUSION! COME, LET'S STAY ON THE TRAIL OF THIS MAN AS HE HEADS TOWARD—***MURDER!***

BASED ON A *TRUE* STORY

4528

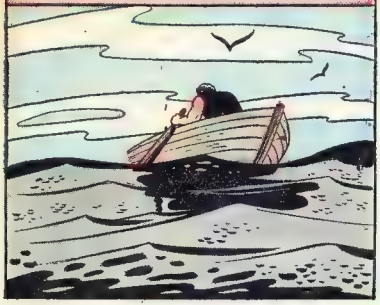
THERE IS NO PICTURE OF ME IN THIS PANEL, BECAUSE *I*, WHO AM ABOUT TO TELL YOU THIS TRUE STORY OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, HAVE NOT YET BEEN BORN!

MY LIFE WILL BE A SHORT AND BITTER ONE! *I* WILL BE BORN, LIVE AND DIE!...ALL WITHIN ONE HOUR... ONE TERRIBLE, GRIM HOUR OF TRAGEDY! *I* AM..."

"BUT WAIT! YOU SHALL SEE HOW I CAME INTO BEING! YOU SHALL SEE WHAT HAS NEVER BEEN REVEALED TO THE EYES OF ANYONE... EXCEPT ONE SINISTER SOUL! IT WAS THE EARLY MORNING OF JULY 18, 1942... THE PLACE: A BEACH ON THE SOUTH SHORE OF LONG ISLAND..."

ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

"OUT OF THE EARLY MIST OF DAWN CAME A ROWBOAT, BEARING ONE LONE OCCUPANT/ SLOWLY, CAUTIOUSLY AS IF RIDING THE TIDE OF TIME AND ETERNITY, IT APPROACHED THE SHORE..."



"BEACHING THE BOAT, THE MAN STEPPED OUT ONTO THE SANDS, PLANTING HIS FOOT FIRMLY..."

"... AND THERE *I* WAS... ***THE FOOT-PRINT OF A CRIMINAL!***"

"YES... *I*, A FOOTPRINT, AM NARRATING THIS STORY! AND *I* MUST HURRY, BECAUSE THE TIDES OF THE SEA WILL SOON WASH ME AWAY, AND THEN IT MAY BE TOO LATE! FOLLOW THIS MAN, MY MASTER! HE WILL LEAD YOU ON A TALE YOU WILL LONG REMEMBER!

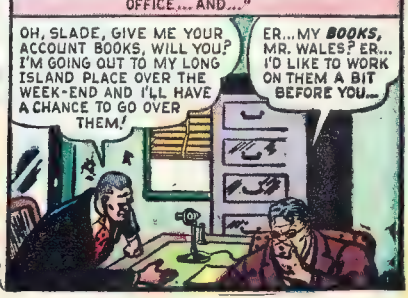
I'VE PLANNED EVERYTHING PERFECTLY! ***NO*** ONE CAN TRACE WHAT I'M ABOUT TO DO, BACK TO ***ME!***

BEFORE ANYONE WAKES UP AT MY PLACE, I WILL BE BACK! I MADE SURE NO ONE WOULD BE HERE AT MY BOSS' HOME... BECAUSE IT IS HERE THAT I MUST PERFORM... ***THE PERFECT CRIME!***

"YOU SEE, MY MASTER, PHILIP SLADE, WAS A THIEF! HE HAD STOLEN MONEY FROM HIS FIRM BY JUGGLING ACCOUNTS! HE HAD INTENDED TO FIX THE BOOKS TO COVER HIS CRIMES, BUT, JUST THE DAY BEFORE, ARTHUR WALES, HIS BOSS, HAD COME INTO HIS OFFICE... AND..."

OH, SLADE, GIVE ME YOUR ACCOUNT BOOKS, WILL YOU? I'M GOING OUT TO MY LONG ISLAND PLACE OVER THE WEEK-END AND I'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO GO OVER THEM!

ER... MY ***BOOKS***, MR. WALES? ER... I'D LIKE TO WORK ON THEM A BIT BEFORE YOU...



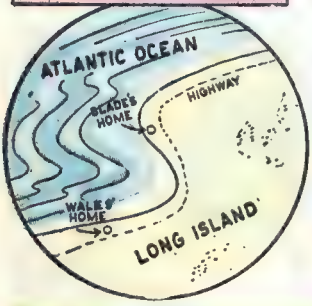
WHAT DO YOU *MEAN*... YOU'VE GOT TO WORK ON THEM? IS SOMETHING *WRONG* WITH YOUR ACCOUNTS, SLADE?

WRONG? OH--NO, SIR! NOT AT ALL!

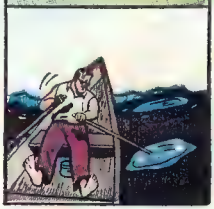
...IT'S JUST THAT IT MAY BE A LITTLE *CONFUSING* TO YOU!

I'LL BE THE JUDGE OF THAT! GIVE ME THE BOOKS *NOW*, WILL YOU? I WANT TO AVOID THE TRAFFIC RUSH! MY *WIFE'S AWAY*-- I'VE GIVEN THE *SERVANTS* A *HOLIDAY*-- AND I'LL BE *ALONE* AND ABLE TO WORK!

"THE TWO MEN HAD PLACES ON LONG ISLAND A FEW MILES AWAY FROM EACH OTHER!"



"SO THE NEXT MORNING SLADE GOT UP LONG BEFORE HIS FAMILY'S USUAL WAKING TIME! HE DIDN'T WANT HIS WIFE AND MOTHER TO KNOW WHAT HE WAS UP TO! HE DIDN'T TAKE THE CAR... THAT COULD HAVE BETRAYED HIM! HE WENT BY ROWBOAT!"



"EVERYTHING WENT PERFECTLY! THERE WAS NO EVIDENCE OF HIS BEING HERE EXCEPT *ME*-- AND IN ONE HOUR, I WOULD DIE, TO VANISH FOREVER, EVERY TRACE OF ME...GONE WITH THE INCOMING TIDE!"

"SLADE KNEW EVERY INCH OF WALES' HOME! HE KNEW THAT WALES WAS A VERY SOUND SLEEPER... *AND*... HE HAD A KEY TO THE FRONT DOOR!"

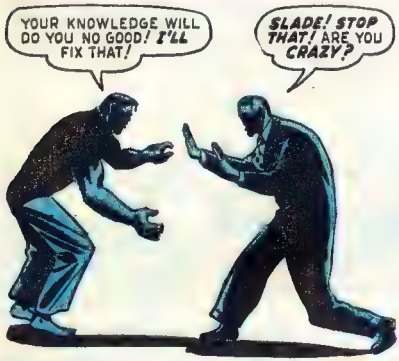
THIS IS FINE! I KNOW WHERE HE KEEPS HIS BOOKS... JUST A LITTLE WORK AND I'LL FIX *EVERYTHING* SO HE'LL *NEVER* SUSPECT ME!

"HE FOUND THE BOOKS EASILY ENOUGH... AND IN A FEW MINUTES HE HAD DESTROYED EVERY EVIDENCE OF HIS LARCENY! BUT..."

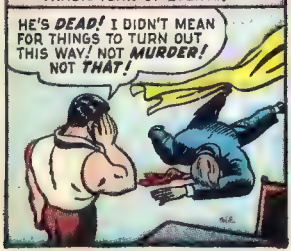
THERE! IT'S *DONE*--AT LAST! WHEW! WHAT A RELIEF!

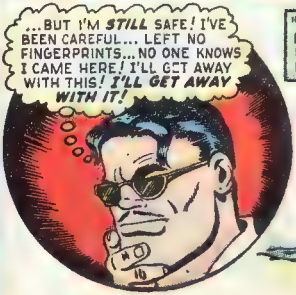
IT'S... IT'S YOU! YOU'RE AWAKE! YOU SAW ME!
THAT'S RIGHT, YOU CROOK! I KNEW YOU HAD JUGGLED YOUR ACCOUNTS-- BUT I WANTED TO SEE WHAT YOU'D DO ABOUT IT!

"BLIND WITH DESPERATE FURY, KNOWING THAT DISGRACE WOULD FALL UPON HIM IF EXPOSED, SLADE SPRANG AT HIS BOSS!"



"THE STRUGGLE WAS BRIEF... THE BATTLE SOON OVER, AND SLADE STOOD THERE, STUNNED AT THE TRAGIC TURN OF EVENTS!"





"SO HE STARTED TO RUSH BACK TO HIS BOAT, HIS ONLY MEANS OF ESCAPE!"

"BUT... WHAT ABOUT *ME*... THE FOOTPRINT? MY LIFE WAS RAPIDLY EBBING AWAY AS THE WINDS TOSSED THE GRAINS OF SAND ABOUT, FILLING THE BODY OF ME UNTIL I WAS BARELY TO BE SEEN!"

"BUT A SIGHT MET SPADE'S HORRIFIED EYES THAT FROZE THE MARROW OF HIS BONES! TERROR RODE GRIMLY ON HIS SHOULDERS, AND HIS HEART STOPPED BEATING FOR A MOMENT!"

N--NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE! IT CAN'T! NO!

"HIS BOAT HAD SLIPPED ITS MOORING... AND WAS FAR OUT AT SEA!"

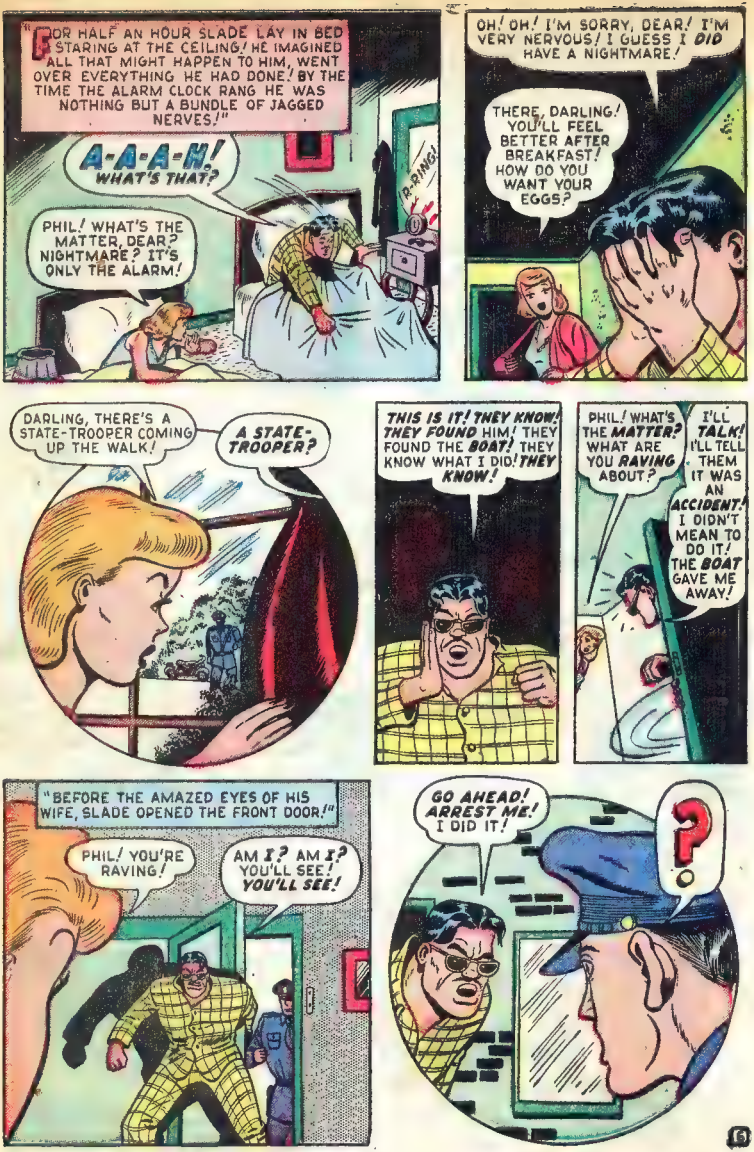
MY *ONLY CHANCE* OF *ESCAPE!* I'M *FINISHED!* I'LL GO TO THE *CHAIR!* ALL MY SCHEMING IS RUINED... *RUINED!*

I'VE GOT TO RUN BACK HOME! I'VE GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE THAT NOBODY'LL SEE ME! MAYBE I CAN STILL MAKE IT GOOD!

B-BUT MY BOAT! THE POLICE WILL FIND IT! THEY'LL TRACE IT TO *ME!* THEY'LL KNOW I USED IT TO GET TO WALES' PLACE! OH! I'M FINISHED FOR SURE!

"YES, THE TERROR MOUNTED IN SPADE'S SOUL LIKE A MONSTROUS PYRAMID! BUT WHILE THERE'S LIFE, THERE IS HOPE, AND THAT'S WHAT HE DID... HOPE AGAINST HOPE THAT HIS LUCK WOULD HOLD OUT!"

SALLY IS STILL ASLEEP! THAT'S GOOD! EVERYTHING IS PERFECT... EXCEPT FOR THAT *BOAT!*


"FOR HALF AN HOUR SLADE LAY IN BED STARING AT THE CEILING! HE IMAGINED ALL THAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO HIM, WENT OVER EVERYTHING HE HAD DONE! BY THE TIME THE ALARM CLOCK RANG HE WAS NOTHING BUT A BUNDLE OF JAGGED NERVES!"
A-A-A-H! WHAT'S THAT?
R-RING!
PHIL! WHAT'S THE MATTER, DEAR? NIGHTMARE? IT'S ONLY THE ALARM!
OH! OH! I'M SORRY, DEAR! I'M VERY NERVOUS! I GUESS I DID HAVE A NIGHTMARE!
THERE, DARLING! YOU'LL FEEL BETTER AFTER BREAKFAST! HOW DO YOU WANT YOUR EGGS?
DARLING, THERE'S A STATE-TROOPER COMING UP THE WALK!
A STATE-TROOPER?
THIS IS IT! THEY KNOW! THEY FOUND HIM! THEY FOUND THE BOAT! THEY KNOW WHAT I DID! THEY KNOW!
PHIL! WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHAT ARE YOU RAVING ABOUT?
I'LL TALK! I'LL TELL THEM IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO IT! THE BOAT GAVE ME AWAY!
"BEFORE THE AMAZED EYES OF HIS WIFE, SLADE OPENED THE FRONT DOOR!"
PHIL! YOU'RE RAVING!
AM I? AM I? YOU'LL SEE! YOU'LL SEE!
GO AHEAD! ARREST ME! I DID IT!
?

BUT I DIDN'T MEAN TO! IT WAS SELF-DEFENSE, I TELL YOU! WALES WENT FOR ME FIRST! I HAD TO KILL HIM!
WHA..? GO ON, BROTHER! KEEP TALKING!
THAT'S RIGHT, WHAT I SAID! SURE, I'D BEEN STEALING COMPANY FUNDS--AND HE CAUGHT ME AT IT! BUT THAT'S NOT AS SERIOUS AS MURDER! AND THAT'S WHAT I DID... MURDER! BUT I DIDN'T MEAN IT! I DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL HIM! I DIDN'T! I DIDN'T!
LISTEN, BROTHER! I JUST CAME HERE TO SELL YOU SOME TICKETS FOR OUR BENEFIT DANCE! THANKS FOR TOSSING AN IRON-CLAD CASE IN MY LAP! COME ALONG!
B-BUT... YOU MEAN... YOU DIDN'T KNOW?... MY BOAT... YOU DIDN'T FIND IT?
YOUR BOAT? LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING...
THERE'S YOUR BOAT, MISTER! RIGHT BACK HOME!
HA! HA! IT'S BACK! IT CAME BACK BY ITSELF! AND I CONFESSED TO MURDER! HA! HA!
"THAT'S RIGHT! ODDLY ENOUGH, THE TIDE HAD CARRIED THE BOAT BACK TO SLADE'S HOME... THE SAME TIDE THAT IS WASHING OVER ME NOW, TO SHORTEN MY LIFE, JUST AS THE LIFE OF PHILIP SLADE WILL BE SHORTENED... BY THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!"
THE END

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MADE ESPECIALLY FOR CHILDREN!

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- Factory Guarantee against defects of material or workmanship.

Now Junior can listen to serials and mysteries without disturbing anyone. Sister can listen to her favorite programs while mother listens to another station. It's really a child's very own. The telephone "dial" is really a carefully preset, highly selective radio dial. Brings in any station within a 100 mile radius. Tuned for every radio frequency from 540 to 1600 kilocycles. Includes all the features of expensive portables.

This sensational new radio is complete in every detail. Includes its own tube and a special, easily attached aerial that brings in programs with plenty of volume. There are no "extras" to buy. Your RADIOPHONE comes to you complete. Any child will reap rich benefits from having his own radio. For education, amusement, and rainy-day entertainment, there's nothing like a RADIOPHONE for keeping every youngster occupied. These perfectly engineered radios are available in limited supply—so mail the coupon today. Satisfaction guaranteed.

only $4.98

Plus 25¢ for NEW POWERHOUSE LONG LASTING BATTERIES

ORDER YOURS TODAY! SEND NO MONEY

SEND NO MONEY. MAIL HANDY COUPON TODAY.

Just Think! A GENUINE SWISS MUSIC BOX in a REAL DOLL'S CRADLE!

THE LULLABYE CRADLE THAT PLAYS "BABY LULLABYE"!

$5.98 COMPLETE

Gently rock the cradle and you hear the beautiful tones of a famous old lullaby. The genuine Swiss music box was hand crafted and hand tuned by Swiss craftsmen, famous for their work through the entire world. The music box is carefully made and hidden in the cradle. A small key at the bottom of the cradle winds the music box—plays over and over. This lovely cradle is trimmed with a cute animal. The inside of the cradle is just waiting for a baby doll to rest on its very own plastic air mattress, sheets and pillow. Any girl will love playing mother with this exceptional toy. 17" long, the cradle stands 9" high, just the right size for a baby doll.

NO OTHER TOY GIVES A CHILD SO MUCH!

- Helps to give a real understanding of music
- Perfect for rainy-day play
- Hand fashioned, durable construction
- Satisfaction guaranteed against defects
- Genuine Swiss music box, hand crafted—hand tuned

Prudential Sales Co., Dept. M.C.
141 Broadway, New York 6, N.Y.

- ☐ Please send me immediately the CHILD'S PORTABLE RADIOPHONE with batteries. I will pay 4.98 and 1.00 for batteries plus C.O.D. postage.
- ☐ Please rush me a GENUINE SWISS MUSIC BOX IN A REAL DOLL'S CRADLE. I will pay $5.98 plus C.O.D. postage.
- ☐ Check or Money Order (We pay postage)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

SPECIAL PRICES!

Fireworks

Look! Super All Noise!

Retail $11.26 . . . Your Cost, $4.95		
72	Kannon Kracker Salutes	3.60
160	Chinese Firecrackers	1.50
1	Whistling Aerial Bomb	.25
3	Shot Repeat Bombs	.50
72	3" Flash Salutes	1.50
50	Extra Loud Bulldog Salutes	2.16
72	2 Shot Bombs	.75
50	2" Salutes	1.00
120	Chinese Ladycrackers	FREE
	Regular Retail Price	$11.26

Save More Than ½

YOUR MAIL PRICE . . . $4.95

Combination Holiday Ass't

Retail $13.80 . . . Your Cost, $5.00		
72	Blackwonder Salutes	3.50
72	Buzz Bomb	.35
32	Gold Sparklers	.40
160	Chinese Firecrackers	1.50
6	Black Snakes	1.00
72	3" Salutes	.35
50	Triangle Wheel Rockets	.75
4	Colorful Sky Rockets	.50
1	Chinese Ladycrackers	FREE
3	Colored Roman Candles	4.00
1	Short Bomb	
3	Colored Fountains	$13.80
1	Handful Items	
2	Plus 12 night items	
	Regular Retail Price	$5.00

USE COUPON Your Cost Just . . .

Gigantic All Noise Ass't!

Retail $23.02 . . . Your Cost, $10.00		
144	Bulldog Salutes	4.32
72	3" Flash Salutes	1.50
50	2" Flash Salutes	2.00
100	Kannon Kracker Salutes	7.20
144	Extra Heavy Aerial Bomb	1.00
1	9 Shot Repeat Bombs	2.00
2	No. 4 Aerial Bombs	1.00
2	Whistling Repeat Bombs	.50
2	Chinese Firecrackers	1.50
160	Whistling Fliers	.30
2	3 Shot Repeat Bombs	.60
4	Spangle Bombs	.50
2	5 Shot Repeat Bomb	FREE
1	No. 3 Aerial Flash Bomb	$23.02
	Regular Retail Price	

YOUR COST Less Than ½ . . . $10.00

FOR ALL OCCASIONS!

ACME Sales Company

P. O. Box No. 1141
Atlanta, Georgia

Send by express Fireworks Assortments checked at right. (NOTE: Your check or money order must be enclosed with coupon.)

This advertisement not intended to offer fireworks for sale in localities where prohibited.

( ) Super All Noise — $4.95
( ) Gigantic All Noise — $10.00
( ) Comb. Holiday Ass't — $5.00

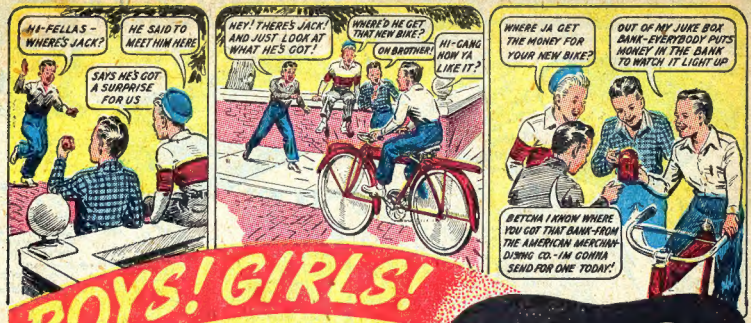
NAME

STREET

CITY STATE

EXPRESS OFFICE

EXPRESS COLLECT F.O.B. ATLANTA


HI-FELLAS - WHERE'S JACK?
HE SAID TO MEET HIM HERE
SAYS HE'S GOT A SURPRISE FOR US
HEY! THERE'S JACK! AND JUST LOOK AT WHAT HE'S GOT!
WHERE'D HE GET THAT NEW BIKE?
OH BROTHER!
HI-GANG HOW YA LIKE IT?
WHERE JA GET THE MONEY FOR YOUR NEW BIKE?
OUT OF MY JUKE BOX BANK-EVERYBODY PUTS MONEY IN THE BANK TO WATCH IT LIGHT UP
BETCHA I KNOW WHERE YOU GOT THAT BANK-FROM THE AMERICAN MERCHANDISING CO.-IM GONNA SEND FOR ONE TODAY!

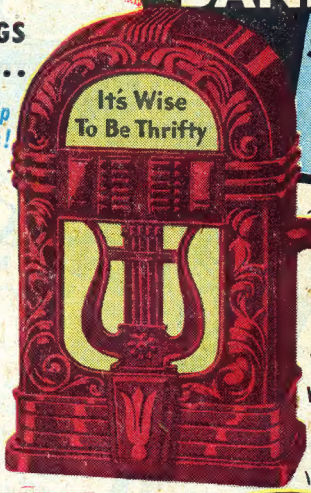
BOYS! GIRLS!

Make Money with Your Own JUKE BOX BANK

WATCH YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP LIKE MAGIC...

Friends and Relatives will Help You Save! Just see how it works!

You'll see those nickels and dimes add up to mighty dollar bills with this new Juke Box Bank that's a gay plastic reproduction of the tuneful Juke Box down at the corner Soda Fountain. Bring it out at parties or when company comes to call. The coins and currency will really pour in, because *everyone* wants to see it light up electrically and flash its bit of advice: "It's Wise To Be Thrifty"—to which we might add: it's *easy* to be thrifty when you have an attention-getting, fun-producing Juke Box Bank.



$1.98 Post Paid Complete With Battery & Bulb

Put Your Coins in Slot and Press-in!

JUKE BOX BLAZES WITH LIGHT AS IT FLASHES:

SEND NO MONEY...

10-DAY TRIAL

SEND NO MONEY: Send only your name and address. Then pay postman only $1.98 plus postage. If you are not delighted, return within 10 days for speedy cheerful refund.

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING CO.
DEPT. JB 236 9 MADISON AVENUE, MONTGOMERY 4, ALABAMA

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

It's Wise to be Thrifty

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING CO.
Dept. JB-236 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Alabama

Send Me A Money Making Juke Box Bank. I'll pay only $1.98 plus C. O. D. postage on arrival on your guarantee if I am not satisfied on 10-day trial, I can return for full refund

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Lovmee CASUALS

Today's "High-Style" Shoe Fashions ...AT DOWN-TO-EARTH PRICES!

DEBUTANTE — "New look" closed toe and back . . . in a stunning black imitation suede anklet with scalloped vamp and wedge heel. Light, comfortable plastic soles and how well they'll wear! Only

$3.95

COLORS:
Red
Green
Brown
Black

Medium widths, sizes 4-9

STARLET—Such a pretty black imitation suede ballerina . . . with gold threaded through the laced front . . . ending in a pert side bow. The plastic sole will wear and wear. Amazingly low priced at only $3.95

COLORS:
Blue
Green
Grey
Black
Brown
Red
White Satin
Black Satin

Medium widths, sizes 4-9

LEADING LADY — The ever-popular ankle strap sandal . . . with easy-to-wear platform sole . . . chic openwork front . . . smart semi-wedge heel. Inky black suede with plastic sole for long-wearing comfort. Only

$4.44

Narrow widths, sizes 5½-9
Medium widths, sizes 4-9

PRIMA DONNA — Excitingly cut vamp . . . in a ballet slipper of black suede or capeskin! Flattering with or without removable anklet. Built-in wedge gives cushion-like comfort. Exceptional at

$4.44

COLORS:
Black
Brown
Green

Medium widths, sizes 4-9

IMAGINE . . . the exciting, "new look" casuals you've dreamed of owning . . . yours at a 25 to 50% saving . . . by buying direct! Select the styles and colors you desire . . . mail the coupon . . . and pay the postman. If you want to send check or money order, we will pay the postage. Either way, if you aren't thrilled and delighted with your Lovmees . . . return them within 10 days and your money will be cheerfully refunded!

LOVMEE SHOES, Dept. MC12
871 Broad Street, Newark 2, New Jersey
Gentlemen: Please send me the following:

PAIRS	STYLE AND PRICE	COLOR	SIZE	WIDTH
	Debutante . . @ $3.95			
	Starlet . . . . . @ 3.95			
	Leading Lady @ 4.44			
	Prima Donna @ 4.44			
	Pocahontas . @ 3.95			
	Ingenue . . . . @ 4.44			

Name .....

Address .....

City & Zone..... State.....

2nd Choice Color.....

Check..... Money Order..... C.O.D. (plus postage).....

(We prepay postage if full payment accompanies order)

SENT ON APPROVAL—SEND NO MONEY

POCAHONTAS — You'll love this moccasin for its novel woven vamp, it's easy-walking comfort! Durable composition rubber soles. Genuine leather in black, brown, red or ox blood. A real value at

$3.95

Medium widths, sizes 4-9

INGENUE — Ballet slipper bound with grosgrain . . . sporting flap drawn together with tiny golden bow. Black suede with durable, comfortable plastic soles. Outstanding value at

$4.44

COLORS:
Red
Brown
Green
Wine
Black

Medium widths, sizes 4-9

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TRY THIS:

LOOK! *SEE NEW DAISYS, ACTION TARGET RANGE, DAISY AIR PISTOL .. IN NEW DAISY COLOR CATALOG PRINTED IN HANDBOOK NO. 2. GET COPY NOW!*

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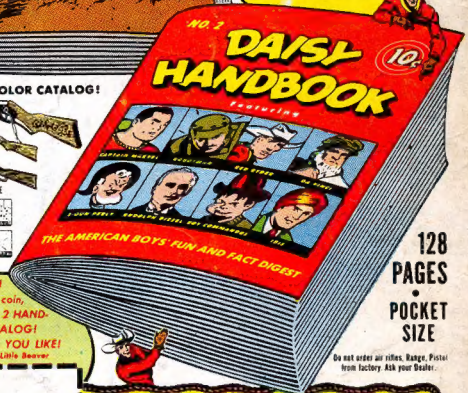
SENDING FOR MY HANDBOOK NO. 2 MAY HELP YOU GET A DAISY! TRY IT!

SEE THEM IN BIG COLOR CATALOG!



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